

The
Pasquaney
Annual

1922

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The Pasquaney annual



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The
Hasquaney Annual

... of ...

1922



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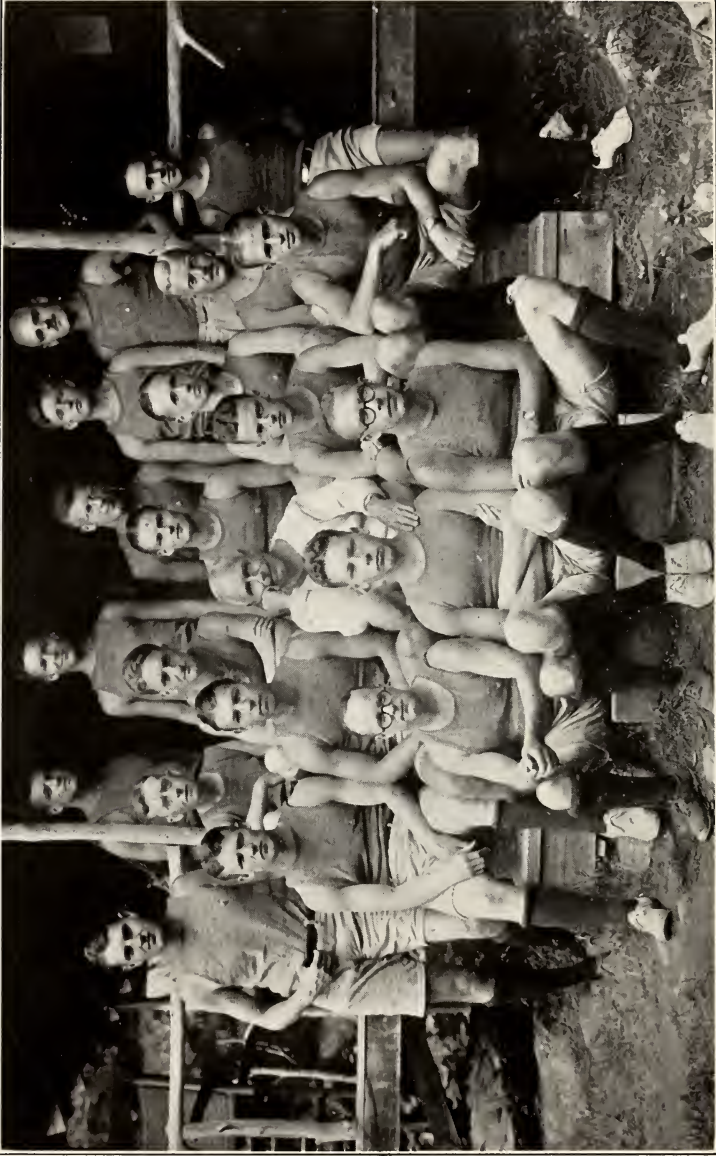
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THE APPROACH TO PASQUANEY



OUR "LANE BEAUTIFUL"



Photograph by A. W. Moody

THE COUNCIL 1922

THE COUNCIL, 1922

EDWARD SIMPSON WILSON, PH.B., Yale, 1885
"Eastbourne Place," Bridgewater, N. H.

EDWARD WILLIAM CECIL JACKSON, A.B., Harvard, 1902
"Eastbourne Place," Bridgewater, N. H.

MARSHALL MOORE BARTHOLOMEW, PH.B., Yale, 1907
BACH. MUS., U. of P., 1909
57 West 48th Street, New York City

JOHN MARSHALL CROSMAN, B.S., Haverford, 1918
Haverford, Pa.

CHARLES CHAUNCEY BUELL, Harvard, 1923
21 Gray's Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

DONALD DAVIDSON KENNEDY, Princeton, 1924
2203 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN PALMER BANKSON, JR., B.A., Yale, 1922
Haverford, Pa.

LEONARD TOMB DAVIDSON, A.B., Oberlin, 1912
M.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1919
Children's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.
Resident Physician

JOHN WILLIAM SPAETH, JR., A.B., Haverford, 1917
A.M., Harvard, 1918
William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES COOPER TOWNSEND, Princeton, 1924
"Raynham," Overbrook, Pa.

UDOLPHO THEODORE BRADLEY, Princeton, 1923
300 Washington Street, Frankfort, Kentucky

RICHARD BARCLAY SCULL, A.B., Princeton, 1922
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

JOHN CRANWILL THOMPSON, Wesleyan, 1924
Psi Upsilon House, Middletown, Conn.

VINTON CHAPIN, Harvard, 1923
22 Gray's Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

RICHARD ARTHUR KIMBALL, B.A., Yale, 1922
132 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio



The Council—Continued

RICHARD GRAFFLIN SAGEBEER, A.B., Haverford, 1922
Berwyn, Pa.

DAVID ALEXANDER WATT, U. S. Engineers
Care of Mr. E. W. C. Jackson, Bridgewater, N. H.

WILLIAM STACKHOUSE SCULL, 2ND, Princeton, 1925
53 Little Hall, Princeton, N. J.

THEODORE HENRY HINCHMAN, JR., Princeton, 1925
1030 Van Dyke Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

FRANCIS BUNCE COMSTOCK, Yale, 1923
924 Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, New Haven, Conn.

ROBERT RUNYON DIEFENDORF, Wesleyan, 1924
Psi Upsilon House, Middletown, Conn.

JAMES ALEXANDER BOVAIRD, JR., U. of P., 1923
2136 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Assistant Secretary

DR. FREDERICK M. ROBERTSON, M.D., Harvard, 1901
Main Street, Bristol, N. H.
Consulting Physician

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Thomas E. Hawes	Appointed	1921
Eliot Codman	"	1921
Charles C. Clarke	"	1922
Charles D. Gowing	"	1922
David B. Hinchman	"	1922
Donald Murchie	"	1922
George A. Phelps, Jr.	"	1922
Frank O. Reed	"	1922
William F. Sanford	"	1922
Herbert S. Smith	"	1922
Walter H. Lillard, Jr.	"	1922



Photograph by A. W. Moody

PASQUANEY 1922

THE BOYS, 1922

Earle Kelly Anthony,
Care of E. C. Anthony, Esq.,
1400 Van Ness Ave.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Clayton French Banks,
6320 Drexel Road, Overbrook,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lloyd Bankson, 2nd,
Ardmore, Pa.

Philip Van Dyke Beckwith,
1049 Prospect Avenue,
Hartford, Conn.

Roderick Beebe, Jr.,
7 Shady Hill Square,
Cambridge, Mass.

Richard Case Berresford,
520 West 114th Street,
New York City.

Edward Julius Berwind, 2nd,
2112 Walnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

John Paul Bird,
11 West Cedar Street,
Boston, Mass.

Arthur Pereyz Bonney,
66 Marshal Street,
Brookline, Mass.

George Wales Brewster,
213 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

Robert Catlin Buell, Jr.,
114 Vernon Street,
Hartford, Conn.

John Boylston Campbell,
26 East 60th Street,
New York City.

Franklin Pattison Cator,
511 Roland Avenue,
Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Percy Chubb, 2nd,
Llewellyn Park,
West Orange, N. J.

Edgar Moore Church, Jr.,
2046 Locust Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Charles Cushing Clarke,
5 Lakeview Terrace,
Winchester, Mass.

John Allen Clarke,
5 Lakeview Terrace,
Winchester, Mass.

Daniel Sargent Codman,
3 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

Eliot Codman,
3 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

Samuel Eliot Codman,
3 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

John Norman Curtis,
5870 Drexel Road,
Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stephen Davol,
21 Hawthorne Road,
Brookline, Mass.

- Frederick Tallmadge Day,
441 Fowler Avenue,
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
- Willis Scull De La Cour,
Bank Avenue,
Riverton, N. J.
- Richard Dana deRham,
Cold Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y.
- Robert Howard Eisenbrey, Jr.,
College Avenue,
Haverford, Pa.
- Thomas Hopkinson Eliot,
25 Reservoir Street,
Cambridge, Mass.
- Joseph Fowler,
Pondfield Court,
Bronxville, N. Y.
- Frederic McIntosh Galbraith,
28 Park Street,
Easthampton, Mass.
- Charles Chauncey Goodrich,
61 North Beacon Street,
Hartford, Conn.
- Charles Darrow Gowing,
74 Monmouth Street,
Brookline, Mass.
- Robert Bigelow Gowing,
74 Monmouth Street,
Brookline, Mass.
- George Huntress Grant,
229 Culver Road,
Rochester, N. Y.
- Robert Gray,
136 Brunswick Avenue,
Gardiner, Me.
- Francis Appleton Harding,
Dedham, Mass.
- John Briard Harding,
Dedham, Mass.
- David Steele Hart,
17 Frederick Street,
Waterbury, Conn.
- Edmund Thatcher Hawes,
7 Doane Street,
Fairhaven, Mass.
- Thomas Eldridge Hawes,
7 Doane Street,
Fairhaven, Mass.
- Basil Duke Henning,
943 Cherokee Road,
Louisville, Kentucky.
- James Williamson Henning, 3rd,
943 Cherokee Road,
Louisville, Kentucky.
- David Ballentine Hinchman,
1030 Van Dyke Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.
- John Marshall Hinchman, 2nd,
1030 Van Dyke Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.
- Buell Hollister,
4 East Fifth Street,
Corning, N. Y.
- Henry Crane Hollister,
195 Heights Road,
Ridgewood, N. J.
- John Howland, Jr.,
Oak Place, Charles Street,
Baltimore, Md.

- Whitney Ford Hoyt,
30 North Goodman Street,
Rochester, N. Y.
- Frederick Bernard Hufnagel, Jr.,
407 Quaker Road,
Sewickley, Pa.
- Felix Turner Hughes, Jr.,
692 Colonial Avenue,
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
- Floyd Wellman Jefferson, Jr.,
Short Hills, N. J.
- Thomas Louis Jefferson,
63 Mulberry Street,
Springfield, Mass.
- Herbert Thorn King, Jr.
Tower Hill Road,
Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
- Albert Randell Lee, Jr.,
346 Park Avenue,
Orange, N. J.
- Ivy Ledbetter Lee, Jr.,
4 East 66th Street,
New York City.
- Frederick Norton Leonard,
Morris Plains, N. J.
- James Richard Leonard,
400 Monterey Avenue,
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
- Ernest Douglas Levering, Jr.,
Ruxton,
Baltimore County, Md.
- Edward Hegeler Lihme,
1200 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.
- Walter Huston Lillard, Jr.,
Marion, Mass.
- Ellwood Caldweil Lindsay, Jr.,
5869 Overbrook Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- John Franciscus Lindsay,
5869 Overbrook Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- Carrington Mason Lloyd,
65 Prospect Park,
Newtonville, Mass.
- Thomas McKean, Jr.,
Haverford, Pa.
- Maurice Bursley Makepeace,
Wareham, Mass.
- Edward LeBoutillier Marshall,
St. Davids Road,
St. Davids, Pa.
- Huntington Miller,
243 Summit Avenue,
St. Paul, Minnesota.
- Thruston Ballard Morton,
Glenview, Kentucky.
- Townsend Munson,
Latches Lane,
Overbrook, Pa.
- Donald Murchie,
21 Commonwealth Avenue,
Boston, Mass.
- Guy Murchie, Jr.,
21 Commonwealth Avenue,
Boston, Mass.
- Percy Owen, Jr.,
1791 Burns Avenue,
Detroit, Mich.

George Alexander Phelps, Jr.,
594 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, Conn.

Nathaniel Pope, 2nd,
10 Fort Street,
Fairhaven, Mass.

John Pierrepont Porter,
Manchester, Vt.

Edward Hyde Rakestraw,
5917 Drexel Road,
Philadelphia, Pa.

John Louis Rakestraw,
5917 Drexel Road,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Otheman Reed,
134 North Street,
Auburn, N. Y.

Edwin Winter Ritchie,
46 Crocus Place,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Leonard Jacob Sanford,
367 Elm Street,
New Haven, Conn.

William Farnam Sanford,
367 Elm Street,
New Haven, Conn.

Theodore Carmalt Scull,
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Herbert Simonds Smith,
45 Devon Road,
Newton Center, Mass.

Charles Fuller Stanwood,
165 Main Street,
Brunswick, Maine.

Scott Stewart, Jr.,
10 Northern Avenue,
Bronxville, N. Y.

Telford Taylor,
23 Lowell Road,
Schenectady, N. Y.

William Kneeland Townsend,
18 Prescott Avenue,
Bronxville, N. Y.

Laurence Edward Tracy,
46 West 51st Street,
New York City.

William Ward Tracy,
46 West 51st Street,
New York City.

Joseph Roy Vetterlein, Jr.,
107 East Montgomery Avenue,
Ardmore, Pa.

James Bolton Winpenny, 2nd,
7247 Limekiln Pike,
Philadelphia, Pa.

William Henry Winstead, Jr.,
Ruxton,
Baltimore County, Md.

Charles Francis Wood, Jr.,
1370 Third Avenue,
Louisville, Kentucky.

John Gordon Harper Woodward,
20 Sibley Place,
Rochester, N. Y.

Perry Edward Wurst, Jr.,
564 Lafayette Avenue,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Walter Francis Wyeth, Jr.,
Chestnut Terrace,
Newton Center, Mass.

The Pasquaney Annual

CONTINUATION OF

The White Birch

(Published annually by and for the members of Camp Pasquaney)

VOL. XXIV

NEW SERIES

1922

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EDITORIALS

Another season, the Twenty-eighth, has added its toll of achievement to the growing fund of Pasquaney tradition. Few words are needed to characterize this season: for it no apologetic phrases are necessary. It has been, in very truth, a record of earnest endeavor, steady progress, and successful attainment.

Starting at the opening of Camp with a larger enrollment than ever before, with a large number of new

boys, and with a staff of Captains of Industry who, with two exceptions, were inexperienced in their positions of trust and responsibility, Pasquaney faced an outcome for the season of 1922 that was, at least, problematical. The one rock of surety seemed to be the veteran council which Mr. Ned had gathered about him for the summer. In his choice of this body of men he was not to be disappointed, for their whole-hearted support and

fine spirit of co-operation could hardly have been better. Their most effective work was done at the start, in organizing anew the camp routine and in fanning to a brave glow the torch of Pasquaney spirit. This was never allowed to burn low thereafter. The Old Boys, with remarkable promptness and enthusiasm, caught on to it and upheld it; and, following their example, the new boys were soon adopting the Pasquaney way and striving to be worthy of its best traditions. This quickening spirit gained increase as the season advanced, and at the end of the summer we were living in a community that was as nearly ideal as the waywardness of human nature will permit—a community of wholesome youthfulness.

There is credit enough for all those boys who strove with honor to make the season of 1922 the success that it has been. All seemed, to a greater or less degree, to cherish the splendid tradition of Pasquaney, started on its way many years ago by Mr. Ned and still zealously and ever more effectively guarded and guided by him. But especial praise is due the Captains of Industry, those veritable "first sergeants" of Pasquaney, whose loyalty and efficiency are becoming each year more important factors in the success of our Camp. Young and inexperienced as most of them were, they

were inclined at first to step falteringly and slowly; but once they had sensed the demands and possibilities of their position, they accepted their challenge with a will that was unconquerable. Their loyalty was never in doubt: their youthful spirit, once guided and quickened, carried them—and, with them, the rest of the Camp—to the pinnacle of glorious attainment.

Yes, undoubtedly the summer of 1922 has been, to speak reservedly, one of Pasquaney's best seasons. Those few intimate observers, who are competent to judge, maintain that it has been her *best* season. As such it is also a pledge for those seasons still to come (may they be many!), as well as an added challenge to all of us during those months of the year which we spend away from Pasquaney. It is hoped that the calendars which are being distributed with the "Annual" this year will be not only a token of remembrance of a glorious summer, but, even more, a reminder to keep burning bright in the heart of each of us the flaming spirit of Pasquaney. May that spirit never be quenched!

THE SPIRIT OF PASQUANEY

What is Pasquaney spirit? Have you ever asked yourself that apparently easy question? We talk



Photograph by Dr. L. T. Davidson
SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

about it, feel it, and live in it, always conscious of this wonderful force that gives our Camp triumph after triumph as the years roll on.

The answer is really very simple. Pasquaney spirit may be traced to its source and named in two words—Mr. Ned.

In the beginning it was he who conceived the idea of a character-building institution; who then went to work, forgetting self, built and evolved, pouring out upon those first lucky few the full power and love of that intangible spirit that makes Pasquaney what it was then and has been ever since. He taught energy, perseverance, unselfishness, purity, attainment, and service not only by his splendid talks but, more than that, by his own personal example. And those boys, themselves pervaded by his spirit, passed it on to their successors, and they in turn to us. Since that time Mr. Ned

has never permitted a slump, always feeding and adding fuel to the spirit which his first pupils have given us.

This is the Love force which we like to term Pasquaney Spirit, that force which makes the Camp run so smoothly, and enables it to attain otherwise impossibly high ideals. Mr. Ned is the true Spirit of Pasquaney!

Charles D. Gowing.

THE CAMP PASQUANEY TRUST ASSOCIATION

When Camp broke up last August, its further existence was threatened by the menace involved in the passing of the adjacent Soren Estate into strange hands to be used for strictly commercial purposes. A month-and-a-half later this menace was definitely removed by the

signing of papers transferring the Soren property to the newly organized "Camp Pasquaney Trust Association" to be held and administered for the continued good of the Camp.

Thus is a long story made short. The Alumni Campaign, organized by Marshall M. Bartholomew, '09, and conducted by him, with the assistance of regional committees in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, has to date netted a sufficient amount of money to warrant the

purchase, for \$40,000, of the entire Soren Estate for the Camp, and has furnished the additional hope that the money still needed to meet loans advanced to conclude the purchase will be forthcoming later. The Soren property will be administered by the Camp Pasquaney Trust Association, which will be governed by a board of Trustees selected from the Alumni of Camp Pasquaney. By the terms of the agreement, Mr. Ned at his death will deed the present camp property and equipment to this new Association, which is a strictly legal institution under the laws of the State of New Hampshire; and thus the future of Pasquaney, entrusted to a group of old Pasquaney boys, is guaranteed beyond peradventure.

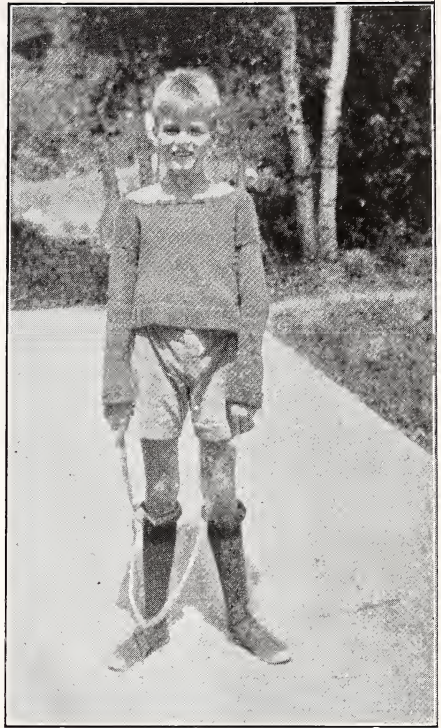
The trial of this fall has in many ways been a blessing. The vaunted "Pasquaney spirit" was tried and not found wanting. The Alumni Campaign has rekindled the old spirit among many former Campers. Pasquaney has renewed old ties and formed new ones. Its life is to be perpetuated as long as the shores and hillsides of our beautiful Lake retain the natural charm which they now possess. And withal, the Camp faces a new era,—an era of wider usefulness and service. The old tradition is secure, and now new demands are to be made upon it. May we venture to hope that one of



Photograph by Dr. L. T. Davidson
AFTER THE SERVICE

these demands will be for the definite organization of a Pasquaney Alumni Association?

The Camp was favored this year more than ever before by the large number of "Old Boys" who paid visits. Several of these remained with us for considerable lengths of time and not only bore witness to their staunch loyalty by the enthusiastic manner in which they entered into the life of the Camp but also made their influence felt among both boys and counsellors. The visiting list includes the following: "Miff" Frothingham, '98; Harold Payson, '02; "Billy" Guild and "Rod" Beebe, '05; "Pa" Lillard and "Charlie" Farnsworth, '07; "Nellie" Curtis and "Pick" Low, '09; "Johnny" Hazen, '10; "Fritz" Gamage, '12; "Dell" Ladd, '14; George Blabon, '16; Henry deRham, "Bunny" Leonard, "Jerry" Sherman, and "Eddie" Wardwell, '17; "Tick" Hewitt, counsellor in 1917; "Fuzzy" Kneeland, '18; "Eddie" Dearden and "Dick" Donham, '19; "Phil" Donham, "Spud" Murphy, and "Lanty" Sims, '20; Dr. "Leddy" Leadbetter, counsellor 1914-20; "Dusky" Brownell, "Dave" Grant, "Bob" Leonard, Owen Lindsay, "Tready" White, and "Dick" Zanetti, '21.



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
ERNEST D. LEVERING, Jr.

"CRUMBS FROM THE COMMISSARY"

A few concise notes about my experiences in the Commissary, requested by the Editor, may be of service to my successors.

Do not be surprised, when you are finishing your beauty sleep about an hour before reveille, if a hand is laid softly on your shoulder, and a voice whispers in your ear, "We want a package of pepper; I forgot to ask for it last night."

With a sweet smile you must rise from your warm bed into the chili morning air, and hunt for the commissary keys, and then spend the rest of the time till reveille in wondering whether you can manage to go to sleep again before the bugle blows. On cold mornings, however, you forgive such things, because you have the privilege of hanging around the kitchen range, and getting warm, while the other poor guys of counsellors get only black looks from the chefs when they sneak in behind the serving counter.

After breakfast a mob of galley boys will begin to circulate hilariously outside the commissary, and the chefs send deputations for supplies. Some of the former commissary counsellors, I understand, drew a deadline at the door, and any boy crossing it was ejected promptly. This was a heartless proceeding. Next to eating, a boy enjoys nothing more than to look at food; so why should not the kids have the pleasure of looking at the stuff they will soon deposit in their tummies? Only, you must be sure to guard the raisins and the prunes, or they will swipe all they can. Keep the boxes of prunes nailed up, or if you have an opened one, turn it upside down or pile other boxes on top of it. Then, if swiping is attempted, the noise will at once attract your attention, and you can



Photograph by E. S. Wilson
THE WRECK OF THE LAUNCH HOUSE
(What the Ice Can Do!)

act promptly and decisively. After breakfast, also, the galley counsellor usually strolls in and carelessly asks if he can "borrow a box of matches to burn up the trash." We understand each other perfectly. I hand out the box without comment, knowing that I shall see it no more, and though sometimes I wonder

vaguely how a whole box of matches can be used in lighting one fire, I conclude that the trash must be damp or the breeze at the trash pile stronger than elsewhere. Later in the day some other counsellor may stroll in, after a preliminary clearing of the throat, casually ask if I can lend him a box of matches, hoping evidently that I won't ask absurd questions. I never do. I can tell by his manner that he wants the matches for official use, so I hand them out, and the counsellor promptly moves out of the zone of danger.

When the weather is hot, fruit such as peaches, cantaloupes, etc., is apt to deteriorate quickly, and you should watch it carefully. I found that the best plan in hot weather was to sample it every day, by which means I could get a sure indication of its condition. In cold weather you need not sample it oftener than once a day. It is best to

select the worst specimens, and then you may be sure that the remainder is better. This rule, however, I did not follow invariably.

Space prevents describing other duties, such as the jamborees twice a week to Bristol; the furnishing and despatching the huge supplies for the camping parties, and the subsequent enquiries, which must be tactfully conducted, for missing forks and spoons; the guarding of materials for club teas and suppers (always followed by a raid on the commissary by half-starved counsellors after the function was over); and similar happenings. These are soulful experiences, and the Commisariat, having in mind the saying of Napoleon, "An army marches on its stomach," must always remember that the Camp will end in mutiny and failure unless he keeps it provided with a well-filled stomach.

David A. Watt.

TIPS FROM THE CHAIR

(Being answers to inquiries on personal and ethical topics addressed to the Editor. The Annual Board cannot be responsible for the nature of these answers; the Editor himself is entirely irresponsible.)

Mr. S. St-w--t, Jr.: Yes, there is a subtle distinction between the Latin noun and the Latin verb. For particulars correspond with

Prof. Charles Town Send, Princeton, N. J.

Capt. Chas. C. Bu--l: Yes, the Harvard-Yale game this year will be played at New Haven, Conn.

R. A. Ki-b--l: For ingenuity of plot and vividness of imagination I would recommend Mr. E. Anthony

Kelly's "The Return of the Crampers" as the sort of play you are after.

Mr. W. F. S-nf-d: I think the triple underhand trudgeon is preferable, with an occasional use of the dog-paddle crawl. Address your query to Judge Whitney Hoyt, Rochester, N. Y., for further advice.

J. M. Cr-sm-n, Esq.: (1) A very effective remedy for blistered feet is to refrain from walking on them. (2) I have found that a very fair mustache may be acquired in a short time by letting the hair grow on the upper lip.

Mr. F. O. R--d: The list which you enclosed names all the B. S. Merit Badges of which I have knowledge. I will retain your self-addressed stamped envelope for possible future use.

L. T. D-v-ds-n, M.D.: I appreciate the delicacy of the situation for one in your profession. Might not the middle name be changed to "Tom" or "Bomb" or, perhaps, "Tobias"?

Mr. J. W. H-nn--g, Kentucky: In moments of glee the *genus* Musk-

rat is said to "chirp." The sound is hard to reproduce on paper. The only living authority on the subject is, I believe, Mr. W. Farnum Sandford, late of New Haven, Conn.

Messrs. J. N. C., E. C. L., and E. H. R., Overbrook, Pa.: (1) There is some doubt about the origin of the word "Zits": some seem to think that it has a relation to the sound of the barber's scissors (like "snip, snip"); other authorities maintain that it represents the sound of the wind blowing through a dense growth of underbrush. (2) The international code of rules calls for a growth extending at least 7-8 of an inch from the lower chin.

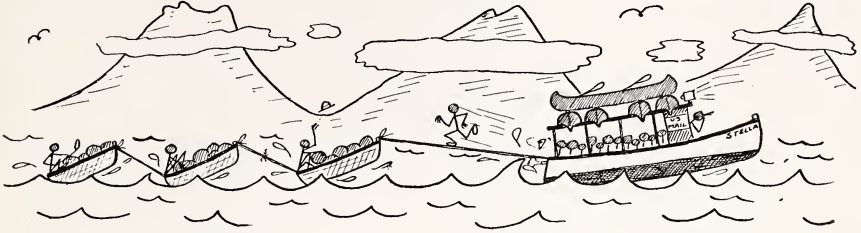
E. S. W-ls-n, Esq.: I can sympathize with you in your predicament. From such a wildly assorted group it was hard to expect otherwise. The extreme youth of the commissariat, of course, fully accounts for his frivolity. Have you ever consulted Mr. Robert William's "Wild Counsellors I Have Met?" As the poet-philosopher, Eldehard Wilhelm Cicily Jackstone, has it: "Let's keep the lid on."

CAMP STATISTICS FOR 1922

(AS VOTED BY THE BOYS)

Best Camper	Eliot Codman	Most Improved	John Howland, Jr.
Best Athlete	William F. Sanford	Prettiest	Clayton F. Banks
Best Built	W. Ward Tracy	Camp Cow	Lloyd Bankson, 2nd
Sandiest	Ernest D. Levering	Favorite Duty	Boats
Most Generous		Worst Duty	Table
	Edward J. Berwind, 2nd	Favorite College	Yale

· CAMPING · PARTIES ·



Sketch by J. C. Thompson

CAMP CALAMITY

After the second biggest flood since Noah's day had subsided, the worst calamity ever known to Belle Island descended in the form of a gang of campers. This crowd, under the leadership of the inimitable Mr. Ned and Mr. Kennedy (otherwise known as Paddle-Foot Don), was composed of the ensuing: "Cocoa" Codman, "Quizzer" Banks, "Silent Ed" Berwind, "Tantalizing" Brewster, "Marshmallow" Randell Lee, "Honey" Miller, "Calamity" Morton, and "Monk" Pope. Our labors, putting up the tents and laying down the beds, were rewarded by our first "soak," followed by lunch. The afternoon passed uneventfully except for a dip. As soon as supper had been disposed of, we lay around the campfire and soon fell asleep as we tried to listen to the dulcet tones of Paddle-Foot Don recounting his adventures with the Reekee of South Africa.

On Tuesday we arose more or less awake and had our daily morning dip. Scarcely had we finished breakfasting when the "Rec" appeared with the mail, Mr. Watt, and the "Doc" on board. (We wonder why the latter always seems to manage to arrive in time for a meal!). The visitors were forced to remain in the tent for about fifteen minutes, which, of course, seemed but two or three to them, while the rain demonstrated its ability to overflow our surrounding ditches. After a rainy lunch, Paddle-Foot led a wet game of "follow the leader." In this, only one person fell entirely into the water, which was quite a record considering Don's extreme (?) recklessness. Since the rain continued in the afternoon, Mr. Ned and "Quizzer", much to their and our regret, were forced to leave for Camp in the "Rec." The night was passed in a *rather* dry condition, although some of us lay in puddles so deep that

we were kept awake coming up for air.

Wednesday was a clear day at last! The "Rec" brought us back Mr. Ned and the "Quizzer," whom



Photograph by E. S. Wilson
PART OF THE PARTY

we were all very glad to see. Jack Thompson and Ward Tracy came with them to put up a patented bed. For lunch we had a watermelon, and we noticed that our two visitors lingered. ("Never again," say we.) In the afternoon we crossed to Crescent for a few duckings. Mr. Ned cooked for us that evening a grand chicken dinner which quite equalled the cookery of the following night.

We had a game of water baseball with the Hornets crowd on Thursday morning. Mr. Ned pitched the first inning so successfully that the enemy were unable to score a run. In the afternoon we held a track meet with the Cliffites; needless to say, it was a walk-away for us. Then followed our "feed." What a marvellous steak Mr. Ned cooked

for us! The Doctor arrived just too late for *our* meal. Evidently he hadn't planned his evening skillfully enough to work in both ours and Cliff's repast. (Still worrying about food, Doc?) After dinner we all gathered around Don's remarkable campfire (?), and the results of our statistics were as follows:

Best Camper

Berwind and Miller (tied)

Most Helpful Pope

Most Cheerful Morton

Pretty Boy Banks

Water Rat Eliot Codman

Camp Wit Morton

Camp Quizzer Banks

Best Cook Mr. Ned

Although the campfire had just begun to burn, we turned in for the night.



Photograph by E. S. Wilson
DON'S WATERMELON TREAT!

The next, and last, morning we were up early, and after breakfast we completed our house-cleaning. Not until then did we notice that

Cliff was *just* astir. All too soon the "Rec" came around to put an end to our happy, if boisterous, outing.

G. W. Brewster,
H. Miller.

CAMP ALLAY-U-UP

Dear Willie:

I was certainly glad to hear from you so soon again. Yes, I have been camping at Newfound Lake all summer. You know, I had a most curious happening last week. I was camping all by myself on Cliff Island nearby when a band of fellows arrived from Camp Pasquaney across the lake. Well, I kept out of sight and determined to watch them until they should leave, for I am thinking of starting a camp of my own some day. (But this is between us.)

By listening very hard I finally got their names. There was "Marney" Crosman, "Bill" Scull, and "Jim" Bovaird for men; "Charlie" Clarke and "Tommy" Hawes for in-betweens; and as ordinary fellows, John Rakestraw, "Spike" (or "Steve") Davol, "Gus" Bankson, "Joe" Vetterlein, "Joe" Fowler, "Kang" Lloyd, and "Bob" Gowing. Well, they surely were energetic people. They put up their tents, arranged shelves near the beach, and set up a stove in short order. Then they lost no time in going in

for a swim ("soak" they called it). After a hasty luncheon had been devoured, their doings were interrupted for a while by a storm. When things had cleared they amused themselves in various ways until it was time for the next meal. They had pancakes, which smelt so good to me that I paddled my canoe down to Idlewild to get a meal myself. When I got back the campers were all asleep, most of them in the tents, although a few tried the cliff itself.

The next morning the Bill Scull fellow had lots of fun catching minnows in a canoe and caging them in an aquarium. Then, in a little while, a beautiful motor-boat appeared. They called her the "Wreck," but she looked like a mighty fine boat to me. After the "Wreck" had left, they had another "soak" which was interrupted by another rain. This kept up until after lunch, and Joe Fowler had to get out and beat it for the main camp in a boat. But after that the rain again cleared out. Well, some of the fellows went over to a place called Crescent Beach, and two others went down the lake in a canoe. These two came back very late with some live chickens which afterwards got loose on the island. Then began what they called "The Great Chicken Chase." One of the chicks scrambled right up the cliff! That night was rainy again, and



Photograph by J. R. Vetterlein, Jr.
THE EARLY MORNING DIP AT CAMP
ALLAY-U-UP

everybody slept under tents or canoes.

Well, nothing much happened on Wednesday until the afternoon, when the campers built their Raft. This was a fine big log with little balancers out at the sides. When they had finished cruising in this, they proceeded to murder the chickens. Say, it was a bloody perform-

ance! It almost made me sick. That night the party had many waffles for supper and went to bed early—full-fed.

The following afternoon the campers from Mr. Belle's little island met the Cliff fellows for a track meet on Crescent Beach. But my friends lost, being handicapped by the absence of Marney, who had paddled down the lake. Late in the afternoon the "Wreck" came again with that red-sweatered Doctor fellow, and then they all had a big "feed." Gee, what a feast! Waffles! chicken! pancakes! doughnuts! ice cream! Afterwards they sat around and voted what they called "statistics" ("statis-digs" would be a more appropriate name for some of the things), which turned out as follows:

Best Camper	"Johnny" Rakestraw
Most Helpful	"Bob" Gowing
Water Bug	"Kang" Lloyd
Pretty Boy	"Spike" Davol
"Cow" (whatever that means)	
	"Joe" Fowler



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
WAITING FOR A COURT

When they got up the next morning (Friday), the boat came before they were ready, and so it had to return for them regardless of expense. Well, as I saw those fine fellows disappearing in the distance, I felt very sorry.

Well, Willie, I hope you are having a fine summer. Remember me to all the boys.

Yours *au revoir*,

Jack.

Note: Letter discovered and copied by R. B. Gowing.

THIS HAPPENED AT HORNETS

I.

(The following is the substance of a letter from "Nick" Cardo, of the Groton School Camp, to his mother.)

Dere Ma—

I'm aflagin youse dis line cause i tinks you otter know wot fools too much moneys makes of people. I wisht you could see de soft bunch that kemped acrost de fish pond from us at wot dey calls Hornets Cove. Two of de boobs wot counsels us went to lamp em, and you otter here de junk dey juggled back an forth. A couple of Dicks wot dey calls Sage-er-beer and Kimball (pop probly makes Kimball's Brass Polish) were generals to a army of de softest sissies wot I ever would a laid my eyes on if Id seed em.

De biggest man in de chorus wuz a guy wot answer to de whistle of Ed Lihme. "Chink" Smif, Chollie Gowing, Ed Ritchie, Chaws Goodrich (youse could smell his suspenders burnin), Telford Tailor, Wallie Wyeth an Chollie Stanwood were de rest of de high kickers.

De soup course was to set up de tents so as de sweet little tings could dress under cover. Den after guzzling grub, dey has their men read a parshment entitled to "De Moon Pool." Dey didnt do much de last few numbers dat day until dey wakes up de nex A M when de president of de gas works—Mister Ned dey sez him—comes to take em all home cause its melted—snowing, but dont, cause dey all declines except dis fella Lihme. De son of de brass polish king cooked hardtack, flapjacks an beans fur brekfust, lunch or somthing. I cant remember all de fool stuff our counselor feller let loose. Anyway dey didnt do much dat day until dey had a reglar genuwine slap-your-wrist water baseball game nex morning wit de odder gang of softies down a block an a half round de corner of de isle. Now aint dat poetic? Even den de bunch of he-flappers from de cove got stung—9 to 1—even if dey wasnt at Hornets.

Hoping your de same

Your believing son,

Nick.

II.

(The following is the substance of a letter from Master Archibald Spott of Camp No-Glee to his mother.)

July 21, 1922.

My dearest Mother:

I am forced to consider No-Glee a perfect camp in every respect but one. This camp has the most extraordinary neighbors! A number of boy animals, now bivouacing at the charming wooded spot, Hornets Cove, amaze and shock me. One is momentarily discouraged at the hope of human advancement and is compelled to believe the race is returning to the nomadic existence. These boys have naught but a frail canvas between them and the stars themselves. They abandon themselves completely to water baseball, an aquatic form of the national horror. One instance of this abandonment was a water baseball game with their neighbors, the Smackaways (note this vulgarity). And in the afternoon after the contest, they, not contented with an outpouring of animal vitality, walked *on foot* up the slope of Sugarloaf!!! Can one believe the reports that one hears brought to one's ears?

On the next day, after another contest of baseball with their neighbors of Belle Isle, they enacted a perambulation of 18 miles to Welton's Falls. This is what particularly amazes me—that the vulgar mid-Victorian practice of using the



Photograph by T. H. Hinchman, Jr.
PREPARING BREAKFAST

pedal extremities for traveling unheard-of distances is still found in our modern mind-over-matter existence! What disgusts me is now to follow. On their return the campers ate the most tremendous "feed," to use the vernacular. Apparently this indelicate proceeding did not die out with the embers of the pagan Roman Empire. I am glad that they at least abstained from gormandizing. After the orgy, "statistics" were engaged in? I will enclose them to demonstrate to you to what depths the human organism can fall.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Camp Name | None at all |
| Best Camper | Edwin Ritchie |
| Most Helpful | Charles Goodrich |
| "Sandiest" boy | Charles Stanwood |
| Most Argumentative | Telford Taylor |
| "Bathing Girl" (!) | Telford Taylor |
| Best "Emanuel Camper" | Richard Sagebeer |
| | "Lord High Dripper" (oh!) |
| | Charles Gowing |

Please excuse this letter for its brevity and its meagreness of vocabulary.

From your loving and obedient
son,

Archibald.

Letters edited and made presentable by

Charles D. Gowing,
Edwin L. Ritchie.

CAMP SMACKAWAY

"Why, if it isn't Dick Berresford! Just get back?"

"Sure. And we had a peach of a time."

"I'll bet you did. Let me see, where were you?"

"At Mayhews."

"Oh, yes—'Udo' Bradley's and 'Bunce' Comstock's party. Did you have a good bunch along?"

"You bet. We had 'Don' Murchie as our C. O. I., 'Jim' Henning, 'Louie' Jefferson, 'Bob' Eisenbrey, 'Johnny' Howland, and—let me see—oh, yes, 'Boots' Marshall and 'Ned' Wurst and, of course, myself."

"Pretty good gang. What did you do with yourselves all the time?"

"Oh, everything. When we got to Mayhew's, we found a shack there. So instead of putting up the commissary tent we stored the grub in the shanty. Don and Bob had pup tents; Commy, Jim, and Udo made a large pine-bough affair

to sleep in; I rigged up a cord hammock; and the rest satisfied themselves with the tent. In the afternoon Don, Boots and John went black-berrying, or, as Udo put it, 'burying niggers.' Incidentally they returned with every type of berry except a black one. That night Udo's puns and Howland's limericks spoiled the campfire. I guess that's all for Monday."



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
WASHING DISHES

"What about Tuesday?"

"To begin with, Udo and Commy actually got up for breakfast. Upon rising Udo said that he had slept like a log except for the mosquitoes; Jim and Commy said that they also had slept like logs except for Udo. Later in the morning we made a water-baseball diamond, and Jim Henning's 'Smackers' won the first battle of a three-game series over my 'Drippers.' Bob Eisenbrey, catching for the 'Drippers,' starred for the 'Smackers.' The afternoon was foggy, but Udo nevertheless wanted to climb Sugarloaf, a

strange desire for one of his temperament. We, on the other hand, did not want to do anything so energetic; so we compromised by going to a house which Jack Thompson had said was haunted. Finding a newspaper of the preceding Sunday in the ice chest, we realized that we had to cope with a very modern ghost; so we scrambled out. On our return to camp we found 'Dick' Kimball and Walter Wyeth, who brought a water-baseball challenge from Hornets. Needless to say, we accepted. Oh, by the way, all this time Udo's puns had been getting worse and worse.

"The Hornets team came over the next morning. We each took charcoal from the fire and labelled ourselves with the team letter, 'S' for 'Smacker.' Of course we won, though only by the close score of 9-1. Then, that afternoon, came the prize stunt of the party, when Don, Jim, and Bob went fishing up Fowlers River in a canoe. Jim trolled with a piece of pork which never went more than six feet back of the canoe, the hook catching frequently in Don's paddle. Bob had better luck, since he was trolling with a full reel of line and a spoon. During the first few minutes he felt a sharp bite but didn't pull his line in. He felt these bites again and again. When the outlet of Fowler's was reached, Bob finally reeled in his line, because the lily pads were getting thick, and to his great

surprise found that he had been towing a chub all the way from Mayhew's!

"The following morning we improved our diamond and lay in wait for the Kimball and Sagebeer Flying Circus. They never appeared, however; so we were forced to play another game among ourselves. The 'Drippers' evened up the series by winning. During the morning the 'Rec' had brought ice cream for our big feed. The sight of the food was too much for Udo, who put the clock ahead; and we had ice cream for dinner. Eisenbrey, Marshall, and Howland furnished great amusement in the afternoon by their violent attempts at life-saving which Don was trying to teach them. Later on the 'Drippers' won the final game of the series after a blood-thirsty struggle."

"Well, how about the feed?"

"Oh, we had a great one. In the middle of the meal the Grotonians came around in some of their 'arks' and gave us a rousing, though unintelligible, cheer. We returned the compliment and a snappy repartee followed."

"I hear you were the first party ready this morning?"

"You bet we were. We were not only the first party ready but the *only* party on deck when Cap'n Smith showed up."

"Who was best camper?"

"Jim Henning was Best Camper, Dick Berresford—Most Helpful,

Johnny Howland—Water Rat,
Jim Henning—Camp Cow,
Bunce Comstock—Most Cheerful,
and Udo got an absolutely unanimous vote for the Most Horrible Punner."

"Dick" Berresford,
"Don" Murchie.

CAMP DOWANNALEVE

"Hello, Ward, did you have a good time at Sanborn's?"

"No, Randy, but we did at Mayhew's; Jack Thompson's and Bob Diefendorf's party, you know."

"Who else was with you "



Photograph by F. O. Reed
THE PARTY

"Well, Frank Reed, Bob Gray, Jack Hinchman, Basil Henning, Guy Murchie, Paul Bird, and Sonny Hollister. We were having a short soak when Captain Smith came for us in the Stella. When we got to Mayhew's we put up a tent, and then chopped some wood, and then

put up another tent, and then chopped some more wood."

"Is that all? Huh! And then you went to bed, I suppose!"

"No we didn't, either! We had a campfire at night and read some blood-and-thunder stories, like 'Skeleton Island.'"

"What did you do on Tuesday?"

"Oh, we built a dock for 'Doc' to land at (ha! ha!), and—"

"Whew! What a wet one!"

—"and then we paddled around a while, and Paul Bird and Sonny Hollister tried to chase frogs; but, of course, they didn't catch any. On Wednesday—the next day, you know—the 'Doc' brought 'Captain Teddy' Jackson and Sandy to stay with us the rest of the week. Tommy Hawes and Don Murchie came out and set the pace for the 'Rec' in a canoe. They had a soak with us at Mayhew's. But we didn't like so much company; so we went off and picked berries up on the hill."

"Don said something about beds, I remember. What did you do—smuggle cots over with you?"

"Naw! We made them out of boughs and cord. Some of them were awfully comfortable, too! There were two on Wednesday, and two on Thursday. And, say, on Thursday Mr. Jackson and some of the crowd went over to Bridge-water in a canoe for food; and a squall came up and they only got

as far as a point half way over. There was a girls' camp there, and Basil Henning pulled their boat up on the shore so that it wouldn't bang to pieces on the rocks. (Maybe we didn't kid him about it afterwards!) After the crowd had waited and waved at us for a long time, we went after them in a row-boat."

"Did you have a good feed, Ward?"

"You bet we did! Chicken and *real* food like that. And then we had statistics, of course—"

"Oh, what did you get?"

"Best Camper; and Bobby Gray got 'Runner-up,—"

"What's that?"

"That's the same as Most Helpful at the cheap parties, but we didn't want any cheap stuff; that's what *that* is. Guy Murchie got 'Most Argumentative' because he and Sonny Hollister argued so much. He got Water Rat, too."

"Didn't you have anything bad?"



Photograph by P. Chubb, 2d
EARLY (?) MORNING!

"No, that's cheap stuff too! We

only had Laziest, and Birdie got that. We named the camp 'DOWANNALEVE.'"

"That's a nice name. Well, you must have had a pretty good party. Let's go up and put some more boards on the shack, Ward."

"All right, Randy, let's."

Frank O. Reed.

CAMP WURKUVART

It was on July 10th, a whole week late, that the first flotilla of camping parties launched out across the lake. The day was most favorable. Destiny had allotted to our party the isle of Cliff, noted for its high diving and high sleeping, and it was an expectant, up-and-going group of campers that scrambled down the gang-plank of "Cap'n" Smith's craft as her bow grated on the pebbly beach. C. of I. "Dave" Hinchman was well among the first, surrounded fore and aft, as well as to port and starboard, by "Boiled Stones" Campbell, "Chubby" Chubb, "Johnny" Curtis, Ivy Lee, "Coggin" Lindsay, "Eddie" Rakestraw, and "Bolt" Winpenny. Messrs. Harry Hinchman and Spaeth, nominally in charge of this select group, were the last to abandon the ship as she turned her prow eastward.

The attraction of the first camping-party swim made the usual preliminary work a quick procedure. The first contact with Cliff Island

water was a bracing experience, so much so, in fact, that "Chubby" was tempted to match the thickness of his skin against the hardness of the rocky cliff. "Chubby" had to admit defeat, though his spirit remained undaunted. After a light lunch our party established a camping party precedent by observing rest period; but the reaction was unfavorable, and the experiment was never repeated. The rest of the day was ours to enjoy as we saw fit individually. There was nothing untoward that should be chronicled here. Almost everyone was asleep when Mr. Spaeth reached the end of the campfire story in the evening—a detective story featuring one "Dr. Fortune."

Most of us arose at quite a reasonable hour on Tuesday morning and had the camp in shape for inspection when the "Rec" hove to, bringing Mr. Jackson, the Doctor, and the mail. The sight of Mr. Jackson almost scared some of our party into imagining that we were doomed to an early return because of the slightly wet ground; but his cheery smile soon dispelled all our fears and the morning passed merrily. Soon after lunch the Hinchman brothers went in quest of a few chickens, while the rest of us wended our way to Crescent Beach for a game of water baseball with the crowd from Hornet's. But the game was postponed on account of cold water. The chickens were not,

however. They were very much alive when Harry and Dave returned, and they kept these two intrepid sportsmen quite busy for the remainder of the day. At campfire "Dr. Fortune" proved just as restful as before.

Camping party technique was beginning to make itself felt by Wednesday morning, and we all rose late. Mr. Ned favored us with a visit soon after breakfast and flatteringly agreed with us that our coffee was the best yet. In the afternoon Mr. Spaeth conducted some of the more venturesome of the party to Bridgewater (via Mayhew's), while the three "Stay-at-Homes"—Harry, Dave, and Bolt—energetically devoted their time to the construction of a dock for the accommodation of visiting deep-sea craft. The chicken dinner and the campfire marshmallows and cocoa to supplement another good story closed in another active day.

There was a feeling of expectancy in the air when we rolled out of our blankets the next morning. It took but a short time to pile up a cord or two of fire wood, and then half of our party journeyed to Crescent Beach, where we worked off considerable energy in a water baseball game with picked members of the Hornets and Crescent campers. The result is immaterial. After a light lunch, Messrs. Chapin and Spaeth combined forces, braved the storm-tossed waters, and paddled

the length of the lake for steak and drinks. They were greeted with hearty cheers on their safe return with the goods. Necessarily the banquet was a crowning success. Details would be superfluous. After everyone agreed that he had feasted enough, a light was touched to the huge campfire; and as the pile flared up we voted statistics, to the following effect:

Best Camper "Bolt" Winpenny
 Most Helpful "Eddie" Rakestraw
 Water Rat "Coggin" Lindsay
 Pretty Boy

"Eddie" Rakestraw again
 Noisiest "Ivy" Lee

The "Stella 3rd" found us but ill prepared to re-embark when she arrived next morning, so reluctant were we to depart. But all things must end, as we regretfully acknowledged when the last batch of us boarded the boat on her second trip and chugged across to Camp. And just so ends this history.

I. L. Lee, Jr.,

J. W. Spaeth, Jr.

CAMP SLAPPENSKRATCH

In spite of inclement weather, which prevented the departure of all camping parties "on schedule time," Camp Slappenskratch at Hornet's Cove was an unmistakable success. We were blessed, in the first place, with an excellent duet of cooks in the persons of Chauncey Buell and "Chas" Townsend, and



Photograph by P. Owen, Jr.

LOOKS LIKE A CLOSE SHAVE!

the food provided through the graciousness of Commissary Watt was fitting material for their skilled cookery. There was one circumstance, at least, that kept us ever on the alert—the painstaking persistence of the hordes of mosquitoes that clustered about us day and night. Time and again we were aroused from promising dreams to slap wildly at the taunting, buzzing beasts who bullied us so perseveringly, only to prepare to repeat the performance at the next attack.

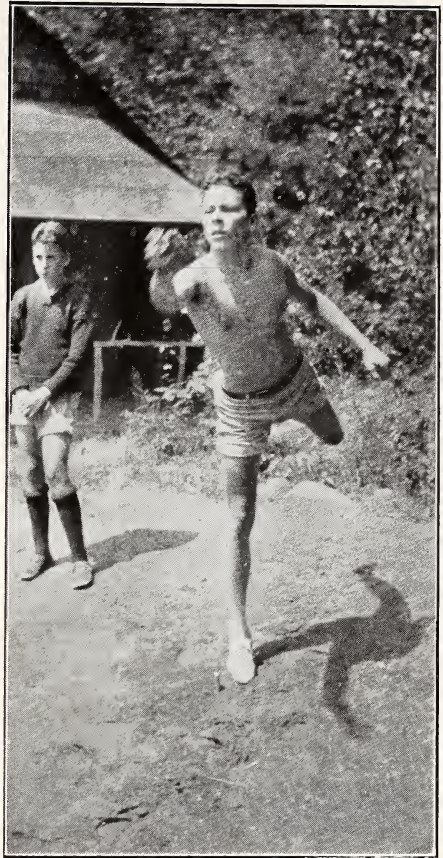
We had a splendid company. Scott Stewart, otherwise called "Harry", proved to be an unbeatable stoker who fed the fire with Satanic regularity. The brilliant inventive genius of "Hank" Owen (his original name of "Percy" was deemed inappropriate) enabled us to feed in luxury on a semi-table effect and to serve our courses with a minimum chance of "cowing." Thorn King, dubbed "My little Sugar Plum" because of his fondness for calling "Chas" Townsend by that name, was a distinct addi-

tion to the party; most of his time he spent "cowing" himself from a canoe whenever opportunity offered. "Dick" Leonard was a mosquito in himself and took his pleasure from arguing with the Codman brothers, "Dan" and "Sam," with Charlie acting as referee. "Mack" Galbraith, with the flaming top, was a steady wielder of the axe and together with "Fred" Leonard accumulated a goodly pile of fuel for our greedy fires. "Bill" Sanford, the Cap'n o' Ind'stry, did his share of work and consumed his share of victuals.

We started Camp Slappenskratch as all such institutions are started. The raising of the tents and the arrangement of the commissary rapidly preceded the first soak, which was long but *not* tedious. Likewise our first meal was excellent, as such meals always are. The rest of the day we spent at Horner's Cove growing; nothing fatal occurred.

Tuesday was passed much in the same fashion. In the afternoon Chauncey, Fred and Bill crossed to "Archie's" to obtain provisions, while the remainder of our troupe, headed by Charlie, went up Fowler's River in a vain search for frogs. In fact, their toll was nothing better than more mosquito bites and hearty appetites. They were patiently waiting at camp when the "Archie" contingent returned.

On the next day, our camp was visited by "Don" Murchie and "Tommy" Hawes who had trav-



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
QUOITS IS ALWAYS POPULAR

ersed the lake in a canoe in search of free lunch. We provided that. Most of us took the trail to Crescent in the afternoon to enjoy the swimming. A scheduled track meet did not materialize because of the submerged beach. Charlie Townsend and Bill, bent on other game, procured some chickens in a lively state and escorted them back to camp for further consideration.

We were back at Crescent Beach on Thursday morning, and everyone enjoyed a pickup game of water baseball between teams captained by "Aleck" Phelps and "Bill" Sanford. Aleck's crowd proved to be superior hitters and won the contest hands down. Chauncey was the only one who did not return in the afternoon; he stuck close to camp to give the fowls his culinary care. That evening we enjoyed a chicken and waffle dinner that terminated in ice cream and pie. Everybody went to his bed filled, sleepy, and happy.

The next and last morning was given over merely to preparations for our sad departure. We were not in time for Captain Smith, of the "Stella III," however, and he and his craft were forced to take only a few of us along, while the rest of us waited with the baggage for the second trip.

The statistics of our party disclose that

Percy Owen and Thorn King were Best Campers,

Scott Stewart was Most Helpful,

"Sam" Codman was Most Cheerful, Thorn King was Water Rat.

W. F. Sanford.

CAMP VAGABOND

On the tenth day of the seventh month and at the tenth hour, the great chiefs, "Skita" Scull and Vinton, son of Chapin, ventured forth

upon the waters of the lake with "Aleck" Phelps, the armor bearer, and warriors "Pete," son of Lillard; Francis of Harding, the ape-man; John the Porter; "Johnnie," son of Lindsay; Thomas, of the clan of Eliot; "Wids" De La Cour; and "Cupid," of the tribe of Beckwith. After a stormy voyage across the water they did come to a place that is called Sanborn's Point. And there they did eat, and rest, and prepare a dwelling place. Thereafter the people of this tribe did enter into the waters and were swallowed up in the midst thereof. And when they had come forth, they did eat and refresh themselves with sleep, for they were overcome with much weariness. Thus was the beginning and the ending of the first day.

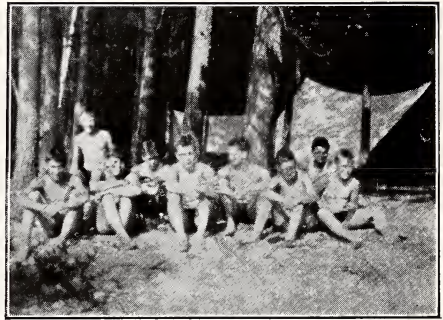
At the next dawn the tribe arose, and when they all, even the least of them, had bathed and eaten, Chief "Teddy" came unto them from across the waters: and spake: "There are maidens," quoth he, "from a neighboring tribe who do earnestly covet your dwelling place to have it for themselves. Hence get thee hence." So the tribe did gather its possessions and did depart in a vessel unto the beach which is called Crescent. Still again did they eat and bathe; and forthwith five of the tribe, mighty warriors all, did go and search for victuals, while the rest did sport in the waters. As eventide drew near, they embarked in boats, and Vin-

ton did read unto them the word of Owen Johnson. But when they had returned, there descended upon them a scourge as of many winged insects from the air, until "Skita" Scull and Cupid did flee out upon the waters and sleep thereon. Thus was the beginning and the ending of the second day.

On the next day at dawn they bathed, as is the custom of this tribe. Then came certain persons from their own land with pies and other offerings. And thereupon the seekers after truth did eat and bathe and eat again. Later on that same day they did go upon the mount which is called Sugarloaf; for they did desire mightily to escape from the multitude of insects of the air. But the wrath of Jehovah was upon them; and the winged creatures did pursue them and did drive five of the mightiest of the tribe to the island of the Cliffs, where they did tarry that night without the knowledge of the Cliff-dwellers. Thus was the beginning and the ending of the third day.

Upon the morrow the afflicted of the tribe did return to their tents. When they had ended their morning repast, the Cliff-dwellers did approach; for they did mightily desire young kids and goats to offer up as a sacrifice to the great deity, Water Baseball. But the eagle of Jehovah appeared as a sign that they should not get the goats of the chosen people. And so the Cliff-dwellers did flee in their discomfiture. Thereat

the sons of Scull and Chapin did rejoice and wax exceeding glad; so that they did all of them fall upon the victuals that night and feast mightily and long. And that all might know the merit of this tribe, they did anoint and appoint the following:



Photograph by W. S. De La Cour
"THE VAGABONDS"

Best Tribesman	"Pete"
Best Helper	"Cupid"
Least Melancholy	"Ape-man"
The Cow	John of Lindsay
Most Ladyish	John the Porter
Mermaidlike	"Cupid"

Then did the tribe find favor in the sight of Jehovah, and a mighty wind did drive away the winged scourge; and all did sleep heavily, for they were weary. Thus was the beginning and the ending of the fourth day.

At the next dawn the tribe did gather their tents and possessions and did depart in a boat to Pasquaney, their own land; and there they were well received. And their hearts were glad even as their limbs were weary. P. V. Beckwith.

WATER SPORTS OF 1922

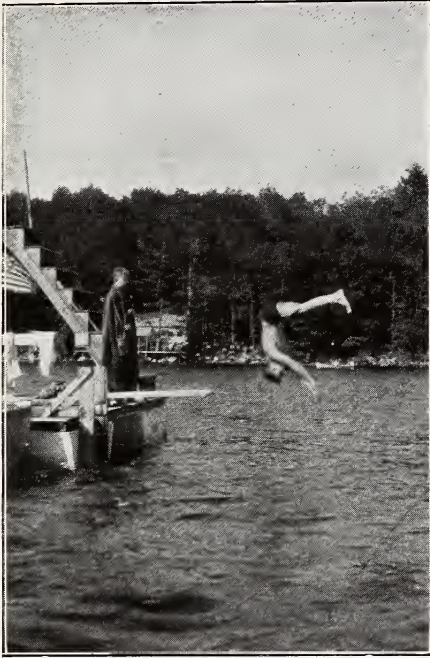


Photograph by A. W. Moody

THE EXHIBITION CREWS

The Twenty-seventh Annual Water Sports Day, which was witnessed by so many of our enthusiastic friends, serves very well as a concrete example of Pasquaney's greatest accomplishment—that of turning out American gentlemen—sportsmen. Even the smallest youngsters, led on by the splendid example of our “old boys,” showed that they could play the game right up to the end and still accept either victory or defeat with equal grace.

Incessant, early season rains so upset the routine of Camp activities that barely a week was available to prepare for the Sports. But efficiency and co-operation on the part of the counsellors in charge of events, together with the ever-ready and eager help of the boys, easily counteracted this handicap. All events were brought up to the finals by Thursday, leaving Friday for complete relaxation. Water Sports Day, Saturday, the twenty-

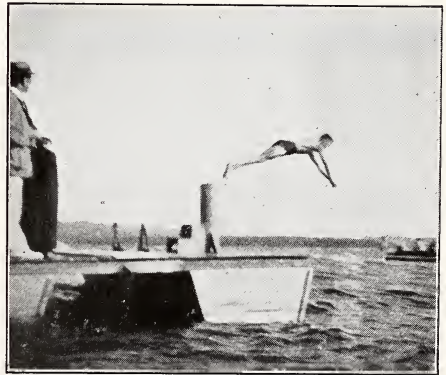


Photograph by F. O. Reed
WARD TRACY'S "JACK DIVE"

ninth of July, showed promise of being ideal. It was ideal for the spectators, while the competitors were only slightly handicapped by a strong north-westerly wind.

The Dana and Birch exhibition crews opened the program and showed by their grace and precision the effect of skilled coaching and faithful practice. The canoe races, while not very closely contested, were intensely interesting as spectacles and as exhibitions of skillful and unskillful paddling. Of the three, the War Canoe Race seemed

to attract the most attention. "Bill" Sanford had some difficulty in leading Donald Murchie in the Senior 100-Yards swim, while Winpenny just nosed out Howland for third place. In spite of rough weather, the diving proved to be a very creditable performance. First place was awarded to Ward Tracy, who selected more difficult and more spectacular optional dives than did Owen and Ritchie who were second and third respectively. By clever headwork "Charlie" Clarke and Ward Tracy reached the finals in the Witherbee Black Obstacle Race. It was a hard, gruelling test that called for clever paddling and strong swimming. Clarke's coolness and endurance gave him a well earned victory. The Canoe Tilt turned out to be the hardest fought contest of the day. After many minutes of hard, clean tilting and



Photograph by R. G. Sagebeer
"A BOX DIVE"



Photograph by F. O. Reed

WARD TRACY AND RANDY LEE WINNING THE OBSTACLE RACE.

paddling, Ward Tracy and Randell Lee finally overcame "Bill" Sanford and Francis Harding. In the Junior 50-Yards swim "Joe" Vetterlein won quite handily from Berresford and "Jack" Clarke who finished in the order named.

The Sub-Junior Events—dingey, obstacle, and swimming races—were, as usual, greatly appreciated by the audience. Edward Rakestraw, by winning the obstacle race and getting second place in the 25-Yards swim was awarded Sub-Junior General Excellence. The Senior General Excellence medal was won by Ward Tracy who entered six events and qualified to compete on Water Sports Day in five of

them. Out of these five, he won two and had one second place to his credit, this giving him a total of eight points.

After the sports we escorted our guests to Memorial Hall, where a delightful supper was served by the Camp. Retreat was closely followed by the Water Sports Plays. From the theatre our guests were taken to Baird Hall, where the singing was held and the cups and medals for the afternoon's contest awarded, while the huge campfire burned slowly to ashes on campfire rock. So ended our Twenty-seventh Annual Water Sports Day.

C. C. Buell.

DRAMATICS IN 1922



Photograph by J. B. Campbell

FINAL SCENE IN "AN AFFLICTED MAN"

Whether or not the acting in the early days of Camp was as good as at the present time, is a question which must be fought out by the "old grads." The fact remains that the plays and vaudeville of to-day are produced in a much superior way, due to our excellent modern equipment. The new overhead electric lighting, with dimming facilities and a movable olivet flood light, for color effects, make possible a great variety of convincing and artistic settings.

The dramatic season opened with a vaudeville show on July 8th which brought out a number of spontaneous acts of surprising quality. "Calamity" Morton made his debut in some colored monologues with

the true mellow drawl of the south. Messrs. Thompson and Comstock threw a dash of mystery into the evening with a hypnotic act of no mean character. (Some say it was awfully simple: others say it was simply awful!) The program was concluded by an airy and sylphlike ballet, featuring that paragon of beauty and awkwardness, "Lady Jane" Porter.

On the following Saturday the first outfit of returning campers was greeted by "The Tragedy of Belle Island," a melo-dramatic atrocity depicting the loss by trickery of that ideal camping spot, the final exposure of the villain, and the restoration of the property to Mr. Ned. The entrance of "Eddie" Lihme at

the head of a piquante chorus of Onaway campers ought to have softened even the hard heart of Mr. Cornstalk, the real estate sharper. But the cruel man remained unmoved, and Onaway gave place to two unshaven counsellors from Wah-kee-nah. The act closed with "Charlie" Gowing and "Jimmy" Henning in a picturesque, even though effeminate, representation of Camp "Noglee," so christened after Rudyard Kipling's nickname for the African milk-drinking crawfish. The final act was perpetrated in the East Hebron court, which was ably presided over by the impassive Judge Hoyt. "Gus" Bankson, the head juryman, leapt over the footlights and presented Mr. Ned with a deed to the cherished island; and a fanfare of trumpets proclaimed the evening's performance at an end.

The second Stay-at-Homes, under the direction of Mr. Thompson, opened up hitherto untouched mines of talent. Such surprises as Doctor Davidson slicing one of the smaller boys to bits, "Sonny" Hollister and "Charlie" Wood in a collection of rapid-fire, negro "wise-cracks," Basil Henning impersonating the famous Rag Doll whose brains needed winding every other minute, and Ward Tracy in an extraordinary exhibition of tumbling, held the audience spell-bound. Mr. Watt, the Camp's most versatile



Photograph by F. O. Reed
OUR "MOST VERSATILE COMEDIAN"

comedian, chalked up another victory in the form of a Scotch monologue. But the real side-splitter of the evening was "Jack" Thompson in the role of the World's Most Famous Musician. Time after time

the great auditorium rocked with mirth as he broke into the familiar refrain: "By the way—did you ever hear the one about" etc., etc. The show ended with a parody on "Old Man Noah," the rendition of which was only equalled by the awkwardness of the chorus. In our estimation it was the best all-around vaudeville bill of the season.

The Water Sports dramatics this year consisted of two one-act plays, "A Morality Play for the Leisure Class," by Lloyd Balderston, and a farce comedy by Charles Bird entitled "An Afflicted Man."

The Morality Play has to do with the soul of a modern business man which, departing from his earthly body in a motor accident, arrives in a place which he supposes to be heaven. Here he is attended by a Presence, and is allowed to have everything he desires and to do only what he wishes. He becomes so bored with this milk-and-honey existence that in an outburst of feeling he wishes he were in Hell, and learns, to his great amazement, that he has been there all the time.

The farce is the story of Nathaniel Jenkins, an attractive young man who has no means of his own but hopes to inherit his Uncle Henry's millions. He is in love with Annabella Fair, a charming debutante. On the eve of taking her to an aviation meet where he hopes to propose to her, his only suit of clothes, still unpaid for, is seized by the

tailor. Nathaniel feigns sickness in an attempt to solve the situation. Annabella, worried at the news, calls on him, chaperoned by her maiden Aunt Caroline, who tortures the young man with numerous home remedies. The gathering is interrupted by the rent collector, and poor Nathaniel becomes involved in his lies and mixes up his ailments hopelessly. Undaunted, however, he engineers a very humorous romance between Smith, the untutored rent collector, and Aunt Caroline, whose love-making is at once enlightening and ridiculous. Then, getting Annabella alone, Nathaniel proposes; and she, being moved by pity as well as love, accepts him. Word comes that Uncle Henry has died, leaving Nathaniel the entire fortune. The tailor's boy returns the suit, both couples announce their engagement, and the play ends happily as they start at last for the aviation meet.

The cast of the Morality Play was:

A Soul	Mr. F. B. Comstock
A Presence	George W. Brewster

The cast and setting of "An Afflicted Man" were as follows:

Nathaniel Jenkins	Donald Murchie
Mr. Smith	Thomas E. Hawes
Jeems, an English butler	Charles D. Gowing
Dun, a tailor's boy	James W. Henning
Annabella Fair	Robert B. Gowing

Caroline Fair, her aunt

Huntington Miller

Scene: in the apartments of Nathaniel Jenkins.

Stage Manager John L. Rakestraw

Electrician Frank O. Reed

Stage Hand Herbert S. Smith



Photograph by R. G. Sagebeer
"A SOUL AND A PRESENCE"

In the Morality Play Mr. Comstock's experienced stage presence, coupled with George Brewster's natural ability and excellent diction, made a production of remarkable finish.

The farce gave opportunity for more varied character work. "Bob" Gowing, the leading lady, was unusually graceful and good-looking. He interpreted the part excellently,

and though coy at times, never fell into the common error of silliness. Donald Murchie made an enthusiastic and persistent young lover. Huntington Miller's interpretation of the maiden aunt was everything that could be asked for. Her conversation with Mr. Smith, for whom she was obviously angling, were extremely amusing. "Tommy" Hawes, in his role of rent collector, showed the proper *bourgeois* lack of education, mingled with bluff and clouds of cigar smoke. Charles Gowing, with his entertaining cockney accent, made a splendid butler. "Jimmy" Henning, always a successful negro, did the part of the colored tailor's boy to perfection.

The parody on the "Afflicted Man" which was produced the following week can go without much comment; the only notables were "Bob" Gowing's burlap petting shirt and Huntington Miller's conception of the society dreadnought.

A week later the Long Walk Stay-at-Homes, working under difficulties, treated the returning trampers to a unique program. The Henning brothers, along with other histrionic notables, produced some real thrills in "An Old-Time Melodrama," and "The Hanging of the Rat." Mr. Watt's Punch and Judy show was very ingeniously constructed, and the clever lines must have taken many a long hour of thought in the commissary. A

snappy skit by "Bob" Gowing, George Brewster, and Huntington Miller was also well received. The rustic finale by Messrs. Thompson and Comstock, savoring strongly of the barnyard and the sawdust box, contained some choice bits of local satire.

The inter-dormitory competition, which again closed the season, was a decided success. Mr. Comstock's Dana troupe romped home an easy winner with "The Three Brass Bedouins." Typically Oriental from

the heroine's "mop of hair" to the smiling "smackers" that undulated as they crooned strange incoherencies, it captivated the audience. Worthy of high commendation also were King Bluebeard II, and Mr. Watt's play, "The Haunted House."

Thus closed the season in the playhouse. The outlook for the future is most encouraging. With our splendid equipment the possibilities are unlimited both for training and amusement.

Richard A. Kimball.

THE SWIMS, 1922

HALF-MILE SWIMS

Anthony
Banks
Beebe
Brewster
Campbell
Clarke, J. A.
Curtis
Galbraith
Grant
Harding, F. A.
Hart
Hawes, E. T.
Hawes, T. E.
Hollister, H. G.

Howland
Hughes
King
Lee, A. R.
Lee, I. L.
Leonard, F. N.
Lihme
Lindsay, E. C.
Lindsay, J. F.
Marshall
Munson
Murchie, D.
Phelps

Porter
Rakestraw, E. H.
Sanford, L. J.
Sanford, W. F.
Scull, T. C.
Stewart
Townsend
Tracy, L. E.
Tracy, W. W.
Vetterlein
Winstead
Woodward
Wyeth

MILE SWIMS

Beckwith, 38:29 2-5
Lee, I. L., 46:8
Murchie, D.,
Tracy, W. W., 36:30
Vetterlein, 35:2

LIFE-SAVING: AN ADDED PRECAUTION

One topic of discussion and argument throughout every season is: How can we improve our system of water supervision, how can we nearest approach the obliteration of all chances of catastrophe in the water?

This season it was generally felt that a greater effort should be exerted beyond constant supervision and careful, constant instruction in swimming, rowing and paddling. Each individual boy must be made to feel capable not only of caring for himself but of "carrying more than his own weight" in this department of activity, as in wider spheres.

The Life-Saving Corps of the American Red Cross has established chapters throughout the country, giving demonstrations, instruction, and tests, and awarding certificates of efficiency. As it is necessary for the establishment of one of these chapters to have the tests given by an agent of the Red Cross, we have felt that we could do the work, following their instructions, without formally establishing a chapter.

Since there were in Camp, among the many expert swimmers, some who had passed the Red Cross tests, demonstrations and instructions were given to the entire Camp of the more important carry methods of assisting a tired or unconscious per-

son in the water, of breaking the grips of a drowning person, and of the best method of carrying on land. The Schaeffer Method of artificial respiration was carefully demonstrated and explained. Every boy has practised the breaks, the carries, and the method of artificial respiration until a degree of efficiency has been attained. The passing of these tests has been made one of the requirements for the granting of Canoe Privilege.

J. M. Crosman.

CANOEING

Due to an increasing lack of interest, canoeing at Pasquaney has become in the past few years almost a lost art. Canoeing is an art. It requires months of practice and experience in all kinds of weather and under varied conditions before one can become an expert in this art. In order to stimulate interest in canoeing and to enable a boy to learn how to handle a canoe, a series of tests, thoroughly covering all conditions, has been organized this year and is required of every boy before he can obtain "Canoe Privilege." There is a distinction in meaning between the terms "Canoe Permission" and "Canoe Privilege." A boy must first have swum a half-mile before he can receive "Canoe Permission." He may then go out in a canoe within the triangular

area known as "Bounds." When, in addition, he has passed his canoe tests, learned such fundamentals in life saving as are deemed essential, and been passed upon by the Council as being mature in judgment, he attains to the honor of "Canoe Privilege." He is then permitted, in company with another boy who has Canoe Privilege, to go anywhere upon the lake within one-quarter of a mile from the shore. This privilege is, as may readily be seen, a great honor, which has fallen to the lot of only four boys this year: Donald Murchie, David Hinchman, "Pete" Lillard, and Edward Berwind.

The canoe tests mentioned above demand of a boy that he know how to paddle correctly in all conditions of weather and water; that he be

able to climb into a floating canoe from the water and know how to stay by his canoe if it is upturned; that he know the proper way to bring an upturned canoe to shore; and that he be capable of emptying his canoe in deep water.

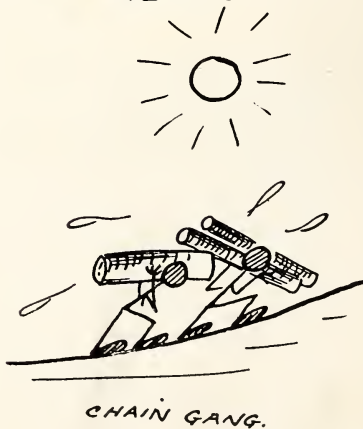
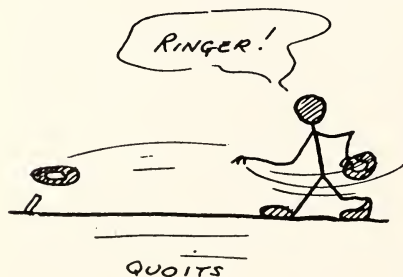
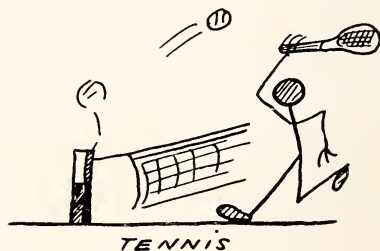
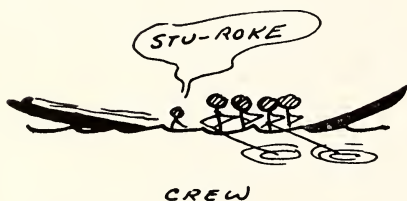
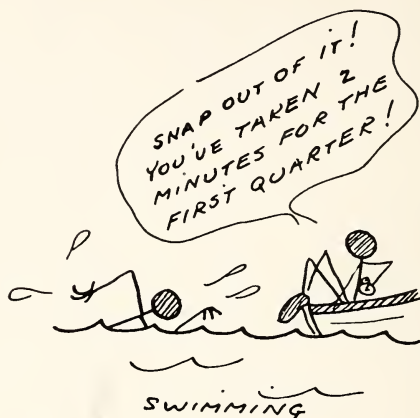
At first glance these tests may appear to be too stringent; but they can be met readily by the average thirteen-year-old boy if once he has been shown the way. Of the ninety-five boys at Pasquaney this season, seventy have swum a half-mile or a mile. Of this number twenty-six have been able to pass the canoe tests. It is hoped that next season every boy will be given the tests and that in future years every Pasquaney boy will know how to handle a canoe properly.

W. S. Scull, 2nd.



Photograph by U. T. Bradley

THE VICTORIOUS SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM



- WEEK OF REST -

THE WALKS

What a magnificent opportunity we have here at Pasquaney to get away from the hard, hot, monotonous thoroughfares of civilization and strike out across upland pastures and follow winding trails through an ever-changing sylvan paradise! We are indeed lucky to have this close association with the inexpressible beauty of nature. Somehow it stirs up all that is good and fine in us and makes us better men.

Let us bring up in our memories the wonderful walks we had together. Let us recall that first Sat-



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
ASSEMBLING FOR A WALK

urday when so many of us walked five and a half miles up "The Lane" to the "Barnard Estate" and back home by the road along the lake in a drizzling rain. Do you remember how jubilant we all were, and will you ever forget those curious steers that kept poking their heads out at us?

The next Saturday, you remember, not quite so many of us went up Clement's Hill. That was a very interesting and old part of the country we went through back in the hills. Wasn't that a terrible thunderstorm we ran into when we were having lunch at the summit? Mr. Ned and "Miff" were great fun, weren't they? What a soaking we got on the way back, and how stupid it was stumbling through that bog! I think we won't forget how good was the taste of the hot coffee which we had in Dana when we reached home.

We started out the following Saturday for Mt. Crosby. Nobody knew the way very well. Consequently we got lost in the woods and never really did get to the top because it was growing so late in the day. Wasn't the descent through the woods good fun? And I bet we won't soon forget how delicious "Fuzzie's" lemonade tasted. You all had your share of jokes on me for losing the way; it *was* rather dumb, and I will have to do better next time.

The next Saturday we had the best walk of all. You can't beat that Weltons Falls walk. And we surely were blessed with a perfect day. Have you ever had anything that you vigorously enjoyed more than the wonderful shower under the falls, the "languid laziness of the limpid lakelet" (!), and then

the sun bath and lunch on the rocks? Let us always keep this vivid in our memories: it will help when we are wilting away in the city.

This covers briefly all of the organized walks except the rollicking ramble which those who were later to comprise the Long Walk party took on the Saturday after Water Sports. About the Long Walk itself you can read elsewhere. It was in every way a glorious experience and great success.

In closing, there is only commendation to be spoken for the cheerful spirit and buoyant enthusiasm shown by all who had to do with the walks this year. There was so much "endurance, helpfulness, and cheer" displayed by many that it was only after the most painstaking discrimination and careful consideration that the Thomas Hike Cup was awarded to one who seemed to have a little something on all the rest—Donald Murchie.

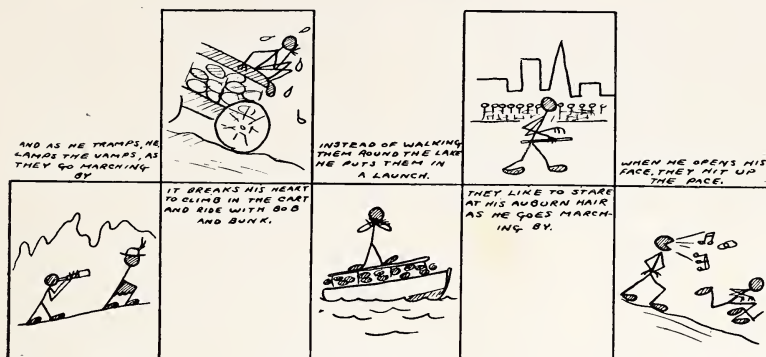
Donald D. Kennedy.



Photograph by F. O. Reed

THE SHOWER BATH AT WELTONS FALLS

Long Walk



Sketch by J. C. Thompson

THE LONG WALK HISTORY, 1922

THE PARTY

Counsellors: "Don" Kennedy, Chauncey Buell, "Marney" Crossman, "Dick" Kimball, and Barclay Scull.

Boys: "Phil" Beckwith, Boylston Campbell, "Charlie" Clarke, Eliot Codman, "Johnny" Curtis, "Steve" Davol, "Tom" Eliot, "Mac" Galbraith, "Charlie" Gowing, "Bob" Gray, Francis Harding, "Tommy" Hawes, "Dave" Hinchman, "Jack" Hinchman, John Howland, Thorn King, "Pete" Lillard, Maurice Makepeace, "Thrus" Morton, "Don" Murchie, Guy Murchie, "Eddie" Ritchie, "Bill" Sanford, Telford

Taylor, "Bolt" Winpenny, Walter Wyeth.

Monday, August 7 9 miles

Dark, heavy thunderclouds hung over the hills of Newfound Lake, clouds foreboding rain. To one acquainted with Pasquaney traditions this would mean one thing and one thing only: some kind of a camping expedition was about to set out!

Sure enough. There, assembled before the barn, were we Long Walkers, thirty strong, waiting only until the rain should start in real earnest. We had not long to wait, for soon the rain was falling "in showers prime," and we were on the

back road to Ashland. After coming out on the main road we covered some distance before the lunching place was reached. Here we dried our rain-soaked clothes by the sun that obligingly came out for the purpose. In a toss-ball game that served as dessert Boylston Campbell figured prominently. After lunch, and a long and arduous march, we passed through the business district of Ashland. From here "Don" Kennedy, our leader, conducted us along the shores of a pretty little river for more than an hour, until we saw, as we supposed, a suitable place for a swim. But just as we were about ready for the dip, Mr. Kennedy hailed an empty motorboat which, to our surprise, consented to convey us all to our destination on Squam Lake. We arrived there safely and that night, thanks to another thunder storm, we sought refuge in a vacant "hotel" adjoining our camping ground.

Tuesday, August 8 19 miles

Next morning we awoke much refreshed by our comfortable nap on the soft pine boards of the "hotel" floor! The weather was clear and cool and altogether perfect for the long road walk which lay before us. While we were traversing the pretty, hilly district back of the lake, Mr. Jackson's Ford overtook us, bringing letters and Thorn King. The reinforced party then passed

through Centre Sandwich and several miles of sandy, rolling country before it came to Bear Camp Pond, where we stopped for lunch and a swim. Another long, tiring hike that afternoon made the ice cream parlor in Tamworth seem like the Biltmore tea room. The encampment for the night was a mile or so beyond Tamworth, on an upland pasture, which made an ideal camping spot. During one of Bob's famous Long Walk suppers a delegation of rustics strolled in to hear us do a little systematic grand opera work. After which we retired, much exhausted.



Photograph by J. B. Campbell
"AS WE GO MARCHING!"

Wednesday, August 9 18 miles

Next morning we were up early, prepared for the worst. In order to get a head start, "Don" Kennedy invented the alibi of "buying some light sweaters in Tamworth." However, the main body soon overtook

him. On the shores of Lake Chocorua, lying at the base of the mountain, we met Myles Baker and "Lanty" Sims who had come expressly to accompany us up the slope of Chocorua. The Hammond Trail led us to the summit in two and a half hours, exclusive of the time spent in inhaling the "pop" which was for sale in the fire warden's house, a few hundred feet below the top. The view was exquisite. Under the blue dome of the sky whole chains of lakes and great ranges of mountains stretched before our eyes. We could see, besides the magnificent Presidential Range, mountains and lakes in Maine, and the Atlantic Ocean, far, far away. We descended Chocorua by the precipitous Brook Trail, so-called apparently because it followed the bed of the brook most of the way down. At the foot of the mountain we parted with Myles and "Lanty" and soon were well on our way towards Wonalancet, where Bob and "Bunk" were awaiting us. Here Mr. Waldon's kindness had provided an excellent camping place which included all conveniences, including plenty of ice water. It was a paradise for the bug-lover!

Thursday, August 10

21 miles for some;

15 miles for others

The supreme test had come at last. During the preceding days our cheerful "big brothers" had



Photograph by J. B. Campbell
MT. CHOCORUA

been foretelling that "the worst day was Thursday." And to make it even more ominous, an awesome division of forces was announced by Mr. Kennedy: one party, under the lame and limping "Marney" Crossman and "Barcle" Scull, were to go to Squam Lake direct, while the other, composed of the tough and chafeless element, were to climb Mt. Whiteface as well. Just after leaving camp we passed our host's house in Wonalancet, and there we were able to see the team and dogs with which he had won the international dog-team race the previous winter. We struck Myles and "Lanty" and the trail in good season. At eleven-thirty we were at the summit, enjoying one of the high spots of the walk. The view, quite different from that obtained from Chocorua, was very inspiring. Although not as extensive in sweep, the visible beauty was concentrated, double strength. After about



Photograph by J. B. Campbell

READY FOR ANOTHER DAY'S HIKE

twenty minutes of æsthetic enjoyment we descended as rapidly as "Dick" Kimball would permit. We lunched near the base, on the side of a "burn" that wasn't hot at all! Then commenced the long hike to the camping ground on Squam Lake. Many times the rear guard waxed and waned before we reached Centre Sandwich and the general store. From this choice spot we staggered to the lake and entered camp in a burst of song, to find all prepared by the non-White-face party. A Bob Williams hash dinner was enjoyed by all without demur. Thus ended the much proclaimed "hard day."

Friday, August 11 7 miles

After arising, the party enjoyed a stiff and formal breakfast, at which

"Marney" Crosman, "The Old Man of the Mountains," announced his intention of riding on the wagon. After this delightful meal we took an enjoyable joy ride on the same pleasure craft which before had taken us across Squam Lake. Its opportune appearance was another miracle of coincidence, according to "Don" Kennedy! Before we realized it we were in the Holderness "Souvenir Store," enjoying ginger ale and ice cream sodas, and frantically borrowing money to pay for them. From Holderness to our camping spot, a short distance outside of Plymouth, seemed but a trifle to our calloused members. In fact we had the entire afternoon for rest. But everyone played "cat" or a strenuous game of Prisoner's



Photograph by F. O. Reed
THE WALK TO CLEMENT'S HILL

Base to work up a fitting appetite for the wonderful dinner that Mr. Ned had provided for us. Chicken and corn-on-the-cob received a warm and hearty reception. All in all, the dinner was the end of a perfect day.

Saturday, August 12 9½ miles

This was a day of "slicking up." Everyone pruned his feathers. Thruston Morton recklessly celebrated by allowing to escape from

his blankets the animal heat which had been imprisoned there since the first night. Even "Bolt" Winpenny combed his curling locks! All these tokens would have convinced the most casual observer that something was up. And, sure enough, at eleven o'clock the carefully graded procession rolled out of camp and, at a rapid gait, stepped off towards Plymouth. As the handsome body swung down the main street of the metropolis, the

crowds pushed and tugged at the hempen bonds that held them in check, as they fought for a glimpse of our faces! Such a reception could only be paralleled by the dinner which awaited our heroic group.

We were prompt in our arrival at the Pemigewasset, where we were warmly greeted by Mr. Ned. Then after letters and stories had been exchanged, all advanced upon the famous Long Walk dinner, given through the courtesy of an alumnus, thus hitting high spot Number Three. An hour afterwards we began our toilsome waddle homeward, our senses dulled by the huge improbabilities of Mr. Nicholas Carter. But even this sedative

was denied us when we struck the main road and we were forced to face the bald fact of a four-mile-an-hour jog straight to the portals of Camp Pasquaney. There, however, we were received with a tremendous ovation from the worshipful Stay-at-Homes which we attempted to return by rendering our rollicking Long Walk Song (Mr. Richard A. Kimball, Composer). Soon we were back in the bosom of the family; and thus ended the Great Adventure of 1922, one of the most successful Long Walks in the history of Pasquaney.

C. D. Gowing,
Donald Murchie.



Photograph by a Friend

THE LONG WALKERS ARRIVE AT "THE PEMIGEWASSET"

THE LONG WALK SONG, 1922

(Tune: "As We Go Marching")

I

Here's to **Marney Crosman**, with blistered feet and toes:
He's called Old Man of the Mountain wherever the Long Walk goes;
At tramping o'er the rocky roads his luck is simply punk:
And it breaks his heart to climb in the cart and ride with Bob and Bunk.

(Chorus)

As we go marching, and Tommy Hawes begins to P-L-A-Y,
You can hear us shouting: How many miles are we going to walk today?

II

Here's to **Charlie Chauncey Buell** of reputation wide:
The people always ask for him all over the countryside;
The farmers and the farmers' wives—they come from miles aroun',
For they love to stare at his golden hair as he marches through the town.

III

Here's to little **Barclay Scull**: he's always in the game:
He runs a spike into his foot and walks on just the same;
As he plods along the highway, you often hear him sigh,
For as he tramps he lamps the vamps as they go passing by.

IV

Here's to **Donald Kennedy**, the leader of our bunch:
He buys us jam to eat with our ham whenever we stop for lunch;
He's always very thoughtful, his spirits ever staunch,
And instead of walking us round the lakes he puts us in a launch.

V

Here's to **Dickie Kimball**, the human graphophone:
When he opens his face, we hit up the pace and let him walk alone;
He wears a pair of three-league boots that weigh about a ton:
So he sits in the pines and makes up rhymes as we go marching on.

R. A. K.

THE CARDIGAN WALK

The Junior Long Walk, as it might be called, has come to be a regular part of the summer's program of walks, after the precedent set by Mr. Buell's very successful trip of last year. So after lunch on Wednesday, August 9th, a group of twelve walkers—for they were those who had just missed being selected for the Long Walk—started on a two-day trip to Mt. Cardigan.

Our party was made up of the following: "Dick" Berresford, George Brewster, "Dan" Codman, "Charlie" Goodrich, "Jim" Henning, Ivy Lee, "Randy" Lee, "Coggin" Lindsay, "Hunt" Miller, Frank Reed, the Doctor, and the writer. After having been ferried across the lake in the "Recreation" we began our hike, with packs on our backs, up the old Post Road between Bear Mountain and Sugarloaf. It was a clear, cold day, and the walking was most enjoyable. Coming out into the open fields we made a side excursion to Tilting Rock that proved to be most interesting. At this point our "Doc," carrying his red blankets on the outside of his blanket roll, found he was being stampeded by a few too-curious heifers. We proceeded up the valley and camped that night at the Welton farm, where we had a refreshing though very cold dip

in Weltons Falls. Just as we were turning in we were lighted to bed by a clear full moon coming up over the trees in the eastern horizon.

The morrow dawned bright and clear, and we were away to an early start after a frigid plunge in the Falls and a good breakfast. We went across country and up the mountain by the eastern spur, over the top of Firescrew, and reached the summit at noon. What a gorgeous view greeted us there! We could see on all sides for miles, and as we lunched we were inspired by the beauty and grandeur of the New Hampshire hills. We were given a thrill which added even more to the pleasure of our trip. A quick descent by the Ackerman Trail set us well on our way home; and at five o'clock we again boarded the "Recreation" at Mr. Jackson's boathouse for our return to Camp.

It was with some regret that we realized that the trip was all over; but everyone felt that he had had a wonderful time and would have a most pleasant remembrance of the experience. Each boy was a Long Walker in that he entirely measured up in "Helpfulness, Endurance, and Cheer:" more pleasant walking companions could not be found.

John P. Bankson, Jr.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES

The Long Walkers arose on Monday morning, August 7th, to greet a bleak and rainy day. With spirits high, however, they set out about nine o'clock, being speeded on by the customary cheers. Soon after they had departed, a fresh downpour of rain drove us Stay-at-Homes to cover, and our hearts went out in pity to the bold hikers. Games of "nigger baby" were organized in Birch and Dana before and after soak to keep our thoughts from the melancholy weather. (No, children, Amos was not present.) After dinner the usual rainy-day ping-pong competitions were staged in Baird Hall, while "Charlie" Townsend conducted some wrestling in the playhouse until this finally deteriorated into an ordinary free-for-all amid cries of "Pile on Charlie!" After the mangled bodies had been disengaged and cleared away, Messrs. Comstock and Thompson received candidates for the Stay-at-Home entertainment, for which there was a goodly turnout. At campfire Mr. Spaeth read a few "Uncle Remus" stories. As for visitors, Owen Lindsay left in the morning and "Billy" Guild, '05, took his place in the afternoon.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Jackson conveyed the recently ill Thorn King to the Long Walkers and left

him safe in their hands. The rest of the morning passed uneventfully except for a play rehearsal. But after rest period the tennis courts were made ready for active use, and Charlie Townsend attracted a large and vigorous following to the baseball field for a rough-and-tumble scramble with a football. A war canoe party, under the guidance of "Udo" Bradley, made a trip to Sanborn's Beach. After Taps Myles Baker, counsellor in 1919-1920, arrived for an overnight stay.



Photograph by F. O. Reed
THE CARDIGAN WALKERS AT TILTING ROCK

Soon after breakfast on Wednesday morning "Lanty" Sims and Myles Baker left in the latter's automobile with the avowed purpose

of climbing Mt. Washington and other peaks. Later in the morning the younger members of our community set out in three camping parties for brief stays at Mayhew's, Hornet's, and Cliff. The camp was still further depleted after lunch by the departure of "Jack" Bankson and "Doc" Davidson with ten boys for an overnight hike to Welton's Falls and Mt. Cardigan. The afternoon was taken up for the remnant by baseball, tennis, and another canoe excursion to Sanborn's. "Eddie" Dearden, '19, dropped in on us for a few hours. After supper Percy Owen entertained us in the playhouse with a gilt-edge radio concert.

Tennis was largely the order on Thursday morning. "Bunce" Comstock, of Yale tennis fame, gave instruction to some of the untutored in this sport. Baseballers were again active in the afternoon. Later the Cardigan walkers returned with a happy experience in memory and many tales to tell. Supper was replete with stories of old buggies, porcupines, apples, cold water, steep mountains, wandering cows, "Wah-kee-nahs," old ladies, little boys,—and "Doc" Davidson! "Fred" Gamage, '12, was a visitor during the day.

Our next day's narrative is concerned with tennis matches and tennis instruction, half-mile swims, and the return of the midget camp-

ing parties. The majority of the young'uns came back visibly flushed with what they considered their success and triumph on the parties, but a few appeared in a dazed and sublunary state. Suffice it to say that there were many incredulous anecdotes retailed by the counselors. The afternoon passed as quietly as along the Potomac; and at campfire "Chick" Guild (who already was a boy again) read an animal story by Ernest Thompson Seton (or Seton Thompson, as you choose). During prayers "Spud" Murphy, '20, arrived and added his name to the tale of visitors for the week.

And now, children, we have arrived at the last day of this history. In the morning the lake might have been seen to be much churned up, partly because numerous campers were swimming their half-miles and triangles, but especially because "Joe" Vetterlein was tearing over a mile course in 35 minutes, 2 seconds, this being the season's record to date. During rest period in Dana "Chick" Guild discoursed on radio. Later in the afternoon the Long Walkers' duffle bags arrived and were unpacked by willing hands. Just before supper the Walkers themselves appeared, all seeming to be in the pink of condition. They struck a joyful note in our hearts by singing so merrily their little wise saws about the

counsellors who had accompanied them. (It might also be mentioned that they achieved more close harmony in the chorus than had been heard about Camp all season.) At supper "Don" Kennedy gave us all a detailed account of the whole walk, which was not only interesting and humorous but also convinced us that the 1922 Long Walk had been a huge success.

After the usual duties the talented Stay-at-Home performers reeled off their several acts in the playhouse. Every one had at least one good laugh in it, which is saying much. Our field of knowledge was then

widened by interesting moving pictures on "War Dogs," "Mounting Museum Groups," and "The Virgin Islands." Much hilarity also greeted Charlie Chaplin as he straddled the escalator in "The Floorwalker;" but that scene had nothing at all on "Bunce" Comstock's-Jack Thompson's thigh-slapping, mop-swabbing act. The latter took the proverbial cake, far and away.

Silent prayers, followed soon after by audible snores, brought the week of the Stay-at-Homes—and its history—to a close.

R. C. Berresford.

THE LONG WALK CAMPING PARTIES

(August 8th to 11th)

CAMP BUSTAGUT

The Scent: Cliff Island.

The Council: Messrs. "Udo" Bradley and "Bill" Scull.

The Party: "Rod" Beebe, "Jack" Clarke, George Grant, "Jack" Harding, "Tony" Munson, "Jimmie" Sanford, "Ted" Scull, and "Larry" Tracy.

The Statistics:

Best Camper

Clarke and Grant (no decision)

Most Helpful "Larry" Tracy

Most Cheerful George Grant

Cow Ditto

Laziest "Jimmie" Sanford

The Place: Hornets Cove.



Photograph by T. H. Hinchman, Jr.
"A KIDDIES KAMP"

CAMP WAGGED-WASCALS

Conducted by: Prof. "Dick" Sagebeer and Mr. Harry Hinchman.

The Crowd: "Bobby" Buell,

"Timmy" Day, "Dicky" deRham,
 "Dave" Hart, "Eddie" Hawes, "Er-
 nie" Levering, "Billy" Winstead,
 "Charlie" Wood.

The votes:

Best Camper	"Billy" Winstead
Most Helpful	"Eddie" Hawes
Most Cheerful	also "Eddie" Hawes
Sea Horse	"Eddie" again
Pretty Boy	"Ernie" Levering
Cow	"Timmie" Day

CAMP UPANDATTEM

The Locality: Mayhew's Island.

The Guardians: "Father John"
 Spaeth and "Phoebe" Phelps.

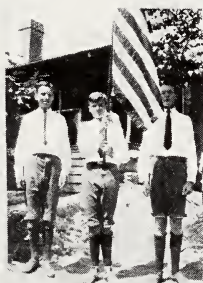
The Wards: "California" An-
 thony, "Ted" Church, Felix
 Hughes, "Judge" Hoyt, "Junior"
 Jefferson, "Billy" Townsend, and
 "Harp" Woodward.

The awards:

Best Camper	Harper Woodward
Most Helpful	"Junior" Jefferson
Most Cheerful	likewise "Junior"
Water Rat	"Billy" Townsend
Camp Misfit	The same "Billy."



OUR "CHAPEL IN THE PINES"



ATHLETICS

ROWING

The rowing season of 1922 was unique in a number of different ways. Rain for the first days of Camp hindered land activities and centered interest chiefly on rowing, so that two crews were enabled to establish a new record, as it were, by getting on the water the first regular day of Camp. There were six boys, who had rowed in races the year before, available to form the nucleus of these crews. The call for further candidates was issued as soon as possible, and sixty oarsmen and coxswains answered.

Then there followed four weeks of "tubbing." At the same time, two Senior crews were practising whenever the numerous other Camp activities allowed. They made such satisfactory progress that it was decided to have the two Senior crews for the final race of the season picked before Water Sports and trained as rival crews; and, instead of the usual Exhibition Crew, the Water Sports guests were to be treated to an exhibition brush of approximately two hundred yards. All would have gone well had not an outrigger broken on the day before Water Sports. The result was that each crew had to row sepa-

ately. In spite of the rough water both boats showed remarkable smoothness in form and blade work and deserved great credit for the fine spectacle they presented.

With the mid-season mark passed, all settled down to the task of preparing for the final test. The Senior crews were selected; but the Juniors were a problem. It was not until after the Long Walk that they were ready to go out in shells, and even then the doctor's anxiety to prevent overdoing cut several of the most promising boys from the squad. The first time trial on August 19th showed too great a difference in the speed of the two boats, so that a change was necessary. The final selection was not made until the Tuesday before the race; but the excellent time for the half-mile recorded on that day was an encouragement and a reward to the conscientious work of the whole squad.

Then with settled minds, all awaited the day of the races. But August 26th was destined to be remembered as a day of upsets. At lunch time it became evident that "Dave" Hinchman, Number 2 in the Birch Junior boat, was in no condition to row. A hurried consultation on the part of the coaches re-

vealed the appalling truth that the first three substitutes for the position were unavailable, two being absent from Camp and the third laid up with a bad knee. The only man left was John Howland, who had never been in a shell before!

It was indeed an anxious moment as the two Junior crews rowed down to the start. After considerable jockeying for positions both boats got away to a fast start. But on the tenth stroke Telford Taylor jumped his seat, and a new start had to be made. This time Dana rushed into the lead, rowing the terrifically high stroke of 46, while Phelps held his crew to a 32. As the boats approached the quarter-mile mark, Dana appeared three-quarters of a length ahead; but here Harding's killing pace began to tell. Number 3 caught a crab, allowing Birch to draw up on even terms. A hundred yards farther on another crab put Birch in the lead. Thereafter Birch steadily pulled away from the wilting Dana boat and finished five seconds ahead in the fast time of 3:07 4-5. "Alex" Phelps should be given great credit for his perfect generalship in keeping his beat low throughout the race, with an eye to the experience of the men behind him, and an appreciation of the benefit of a stiff following breeze. Enough cannot be said in praise of the spirit of a crew which, supposedly crippled be-



Photograph by U. T. Bradley
READY FOR CREW PRACTICE

yond hope, could still pull itself sufficiently together to row a superb race and come within two seconds of the Camp record for the distance. The other stroke rowed his first race in keeping with his temperament, quick and impulsive.

Excitement ran high as the Senior crews lined up for the start of their race. Both got off beautifully at a 36 stroke. As they swung into their racing pace, Birch was leading by six feet. At the quarter-mile mark they were on even terms, fighting it out stroke for stroke. At the half-mile the flags came down a fraction of a second apart, to the advantage of Birch. But still it was anybody's race. Four hundred yards from the finish Eliot raised his beat and gradually Birch drew ahead. It looked as if he had caught his rival napping. But he had not counted on Dana's fighting spirit. Soon Sanford challenged. Up went the stroke to the sharp appeal of the coxswain, "You can catch them yet,

but you've got to move!" In eight strokes the boats were again even, with five more to go. Both were catching exactly together. The crew that could get in just a fraction of a stroke ahead would win. But both were rowing their very best and drove over the finish line in a dead heat. They were timed at 4:25, the second fastest time ever made at Camp. It had been a battle of wits between perfectly matched crews. In such a race there could be no outstanding star, for all shone brilliantly.

With the crew season over, the boy to whom the Yale Cup should be awarded for "advancing the in-

terests of rowing at Pasquaney" had to be selected. After considerable discussion the choice was finally narrowed down to two boys, a coxswain and an oarsman. Of the two, one seemed to stand out more in leadership, in initiative, in doing helpful jobs, and in constant cheerfulness. It was, therefore, decided that, for the first time in the Camp's history, the cup should be given to a coxswain, for two years, captain of a senior crew, Richard C. Berresford, with the highest commendation for his conscientious work to William F. Sanford.

R. B. Scull,
Coach.



Photograph by U. T. Bradley

FINALE, SUB-JUNIOR DOUBLES

TENNIS

We were unfortunate this year in having pretty much continual rain for the first two weeks, which are after all one of the best times for tennis, since the other activities haven't yet gotten under way and don't demand so much of the boy's time.

However, the enthusiasm shown in getting the courts into condition when once the rain had stopped enabled us soon to commence with the preparatory tournament.

This year, as last, our boast is that every boy in Camp by the end of the summer could actually keep score himself and play tennis, and it is right here that I want to thank Mr. Comstock for the keen interest and enthusiasm he showed for everything that has to do with tennis at Pasquaney, and especially for the time and energy he gave to hours of instruction.

Now we come to the final tournaments.

Starting with the youngest boys, the Sub-Juniors, they have shown very marked interest, improvement and skill. Of course to this class belong those who could not play at all before coming to Camp, and the earnestness with which they play before the season ended makes one feel that they have great futures because of their perseverance, which is what counts in the long run. There were thirty entered in the

Sub-Junior singles and Billy Winstead and Charlie Stanwood reached the finals. It was a good match, and Charlie Stanwood, by his superior control and better placing, won in straight sets; 6-3, 6-1.

The Sub-Junior Doubles were played off on Tennis Finals Day and, as usual, afforded much amusement to the spectators. This was an especially close match, and some wondered whether stage fright was a factor which influenced the outcome. Eddy Hawes and Charlie Stanwood deserve much credit for having defeated Billy Winstead and Clayton Banks; 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

In the Junior Singles there were twenty-six entered and Dick Leonard and Ivy Lee reached the finals which were played off on the last Saturday. It would be rare to see a better match played by boys who had just left their twelfth year. They will both certainly have brilliant futures as tennis players if they keep up their interest in the game. Ivy won a closer match than the score shows when he defeated Dick 6-2, 6-3.

The Junior Doubles proved not in a class with the singles. However, they were interesting and close. John Curtis and Caldwell Lindsay were defeated by Dick Leonard and Eddy Rakestraw 6-3, 6-4.

Next, we come to the Seniors. Last year's Camp champion did not return, so the winner of the Senior



Photograph by J. W. Spaeth, Jr.
WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR DOUBLES

Singles was to be proclaimed Camp champion and receive the Herring cup. By his very steady back-court game "Junior" Phelps won from Mac Galbraith by the score 6-0, 7-5, 6-2 and thereby attained the highest honor which we have to offer in tennis at Pasquaney.

The Senior Doubles showed marked spots of brilliancy and kept us all in a state of excitement hard to equal. Charlie Clarke and "Junior" Phelps finally defeated Mac

Galbraith and John Howland 6-3, 6-4.

In closing, I have only to thank all who had to do with making the tennis season such a success.

D. D. Kennedy.

BASEBALL

When the Camp season of 1922 opened, the conditions for baseball were not very favorable. It had rained steadily for the two preceding weeks, and it continued to rain for the following seven or eight days. The field was in reality a swamp, and ditches had to be dug across it to drain off the water. By the time the field had dried and the ditches had been filled in, three weeks had elapsed.

Like all other athletic activities, baseball is part of the Camp routine; for all boys are expected to play at some time during their stay at Camp. This year, however, on account of the large number of boys and of other activities, it was difficult to find a place for every one. Therefore the Junior teams were very large and every boy did not play as much as might be desired.

The season of 1922 opened as usual, with the appointment of four captains for the Senior teams. These were "Pete" Lillard, team A; "Alex" Phelps, team B; "Bob" Gray, team C; "Charlie" Clarke,

team D. Then came the usual practice for the new boys, so that they might be classified as Seniors or Juniors. From the list of those selected as Seniors the captains picked their teams, which consisted of twelve boys and four counsellors. In games, however, the nine representatives of each team were seven boys and two counsellors.

Teams A and B gained the right to play the deciding game by defeating both Team C and Team D. In a very loosely played contest Team B, led by Phelps, won by a score of 9 to 1 from Team A, this making it two successive years that Phelps has captained the winning team. The members of the winning team were: Galbraith, p; Mr. Crosman or Mr. Kennedy, c; Mr. Bovaird, 1b; "Herb" Smith, 2b; "Dave" Hinchman, 3b; "Alex" Phelps, s.s.; Eliot Codman, l.f.; "Eddie" Rakestraw, c.f.; "Jack" Hinchman, r.f.; Marshall, "Tommy" Hawes, Reed, and Beckwith, substitutes. The final standing of the teams was:

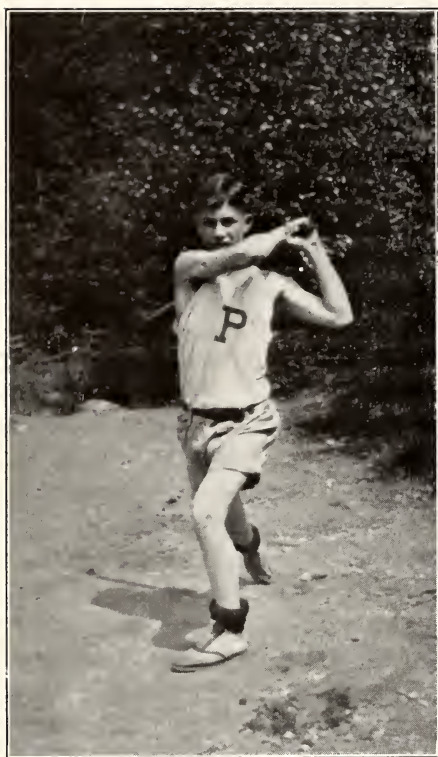
	Won	Lost	Pct.
B	3	0	1.000
A	2	1	.667
C	0	2	.000
D	0	2	.000

The week following the completion of the Senior or Counsellors' league was marked by the departure of the Long Walkers for Chocoma and of camping parties for the younger boys. During this

week the Junior teams were selected, but as most of the members were either on the Walk or on camping parties, play could not be started until the following week. In this period, however, several "pick-up" games were played, and interest was kept up among the younger boys.

The three Junior teams were "The Apes," "The Baboons," and "The Chimpanzees," captained by "Coggin" Lindsay, "Dan" Codman, and Scott Stewart respectively. In the games which followed, Lindsay's "Apes" defeated the other two teams and consequently won the Junior championship.

The conclusion of the baseball season is marked customarily by the awarding of the Harvard Cup, which is given each year for "General Excellence in Baseball at Pasquaney." This requires that a boy shall not only have ability in baseball and display spirit in his playing, but shall also show great interest and qualities of leadership. This year, however, there was a marked lack of one quality or another on the part of the older boys eligible for the cup, and such little interest was shown outside the regular games that no award was made. Among the younger boys there was evinced some splendid spirit and interest, and the only reason that the cup was not awarded to one of them was the lack of ability in the game itself. For honorable



Photograph by W. S. De La Cour
CAPTAIN "PETE" LILLARD AT THE BAT

mention among the younger boys the name of Roderick Beebe, Jr., comes foremost. With the fine material present and good spirit shown in the Junior league we may hope for much better results in the near future.

C. C. Townsend.

SWIMMING

The season's first "soak" in Pasquaney Lake disclosed the astounding fact that approximately twenty

boys knew little or nothing about swimming. Accordingly, within two days a non-swimmers' club was founded and daily meetings were held in the calm water between the foundations of the old boat house. The first few lessons had but one aim in view, that of getting the boys accustomed to the water. With growing self-confidence came the added desire to splash and paddle around alone, in the hope that some degree of buoyancy could be attained. Before two weeks had passed three-fourths of the club had either crawled, floated, or dog-paddled from one foundation to the other, a distance of about fifteen feet. Success followed steadily upon success, until the entire class was permitted to join the rest of the Camp in the regular "soak;" and some of the boys have achieved so much progress that they have been able to swim their triangles or even their half-miles.

Speed swimming was not particularly emphasized this year. In special cases some individual instruction was given to boys who were entered in the swims on Water Sports Day or to half-milers; but these cases were limited in number.

The interest shown in half-mile swimming was very unusual. Forty half-miles were swum during the summer, and of these a half-dozen were timed in less than sixteen minutes. "Bill" Sanford

proved himself to be one of the best swimmers, if not the fastest swimmer, that has ever attended Camp, by breaking the Camp half-mile record established by "Jim" McHenry in 1914. "Bill's" time was 13 minutes, 14 2-5 seconds. The Parsons Half-Mile Cup that is awarded each year was won by "Randy" Lee, who covered the distance in 14 minutes,

58 seconds. Sanford, having won the cup in a previous season (1920), was declared ineligible to receive it again this year.

Five boys swam their miles during the season, the record swim being made by "Joe" Vetterlein in 35 minutes, 2 seconds.

C. C. Buell.

THE NATURALIST'S REPORT

The success of the past year has made itself felt at the Museum as well as elsewhere. The interest has been much more general, and more marked. There were forty-odd names entered on the list for morning bird-walks taken before Reveille. More boys than last year started collections, and more of them stuck to it. Specimens of all sorts were brought in and unique observations were reported. Some times it was that the mink had been seen again at the bath-house, that a skunk had been chased up a tree, or that a queer bug had split open and a dragon fly come out. Slight inaccuracies, such as mistaking a porcupine for a skunk in the indistinct moonlight, only added zest to the chase. "Randy" Lee, "Ned" Berwind, and Ward Tracy actually had such an experience, and made

efforts to take a flash-light picture as the unknown animal came down. A very interesting picture would have undoubtedly resulted, had not part of the mechanism failed to operate.

Exceedingly interesting observations were made of ants, and of several kinds of bees. Basil Henning submitted an essay as well as field notes on ants, and won the Original Research Medal in that way. Paul Bird collected a number of interesting birds' nests, and also watched the construction and operation of two wasps' nests and a bumble-bees' nest. Eddie Hawes and Whitney Hoyt made collections, and were both successful in obtaining chrysalids by feeding captive caterpillars. "Eddie" Lihme collected all summer, as well as finding a Veery's nest as it was hatching. Telford

Taylor made quite an exhaustive study of the fungi, edible and poisonous, growing around Camp. "Pat" Cator, "Dynah" Hufnagel, Felix Hughes, and Kelly Anthony made mineral collections; and the Medal for the Best Collection was given to Franklin Cator by reason not only of his persistent work, but also of his helpful interest in the other collections.

The essays submitted for the Prize Essay Medal included a very interesting one by Ward Tracy on the flash-light photography of the porcupine episode, one by Taylor

on the flight of birds, and one on Mosquitoes by Frank O. Reed. The medal was awarded to Charles Gowing for the essay on trees which is printed elsewhere in this issue. In it he suggests a novel and attractive explanation of the various types of seed peculiar to certain families. This essay appeared particularly fitting as an addition to the last Nature Talk of the season, since it applies so convincingly to the familiar trees around Camp.

Richard G. Sagebeer,
Naturalist.

THE PRIZE ESSAY

THE WAR OF THE TREE CLANS

Nature is fair and just, but never merciful. Those best fitted to survive will survive; all others perish. The organisms which take advantage of their mistress and her moods live and send out their descendants to conquer the world.

It is correct as well as fascinating to think of the different families or clans of trees as in a perpetual state of warfare with one another. Each clan is always thinking of some new

way in which they may get an advantage over their slower neighbors. All's fair in love or war!

The great problem of the tree clan is to distribute its progeny, the little seeds which bear the germ of life, over the wide face of the globe.

All clans started with much the same sort of seed, a simple little globe without any attachment or surrounding whatsoever. Then the Maple family, noticing how violent were some of Nature's winds, equipped her little offspring with a pair of wings and they were able to

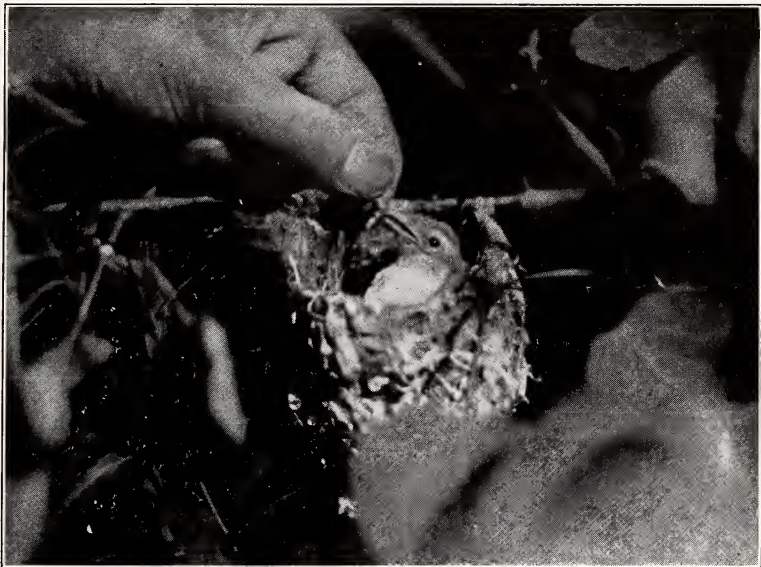
sail for miles on the breast of the breeze. The Elms followed a different school of aviation and surrounded their seeds with thin sail, just as you do when you wish to go ice-sailing.

The Oak clan poked fun at the aviation systems of their rivals. Why not let the animals work for you, they said? So they enclosed their babies in a delicious, tasty nut, which the squirrel carried for long distances, often, before he dropped them. The Cherries thought of an improvement on that, so they claimed. They said the birds would

carry their seeds, disguised luscious berries, much farther than the squirrels could. But the Apple family thought of the best of all. They let man, who claimed to be the mightiest creature on earth, work for them!

And this is the way the tree clans fought, and how they took advantage of Old Mother Nature and her children. These few examples will show you how clever trees really are. It seems, when you think it over, as if they really had an intelligence of their own!

Charles D. Gowing.





THE SIGMA ALPHA FRATERNITY

1922

John Palmer Bankson, Jr.
 Marshall Moore Bartholomew
 Richard Case Berresford
 James Alexander Bovaird, Jr.
 Udolpho Theodore Bradley
 Charles Chauncey Buell
 Vinton Chapin
 Charles Cushing Clarke
 Eliot Codman
 John Marshall Crosman
 Leonard Tomb Davidson
 Charles Darrow Gowing
 Robert Gray
 Thomas Eldridge Hawes
 James Williamson Henning, 3rd
 David Ballentine Hinchman
 Theodore Henry Hinchman, Jr.
 Edward William Cecil Jackson

Donald Davidson Kennedy
 Richard Arthur Kimball
 Walter Huston Lillard, Jr.
 Huntington Miller
 Donald Murchie
 George Alexander Phelps, Jr.
 John Louis Rakestraw
 Frank Otheman Reed
 Richard Grafflin Sagebeer
 William Farnam Sanford
 Richard Barclay Scull
 William Stackhouse Scull, 2nd
 Herbert Simonds Smith
 John William Spaeth, Jr.
 John Cranwill Thompson
 Charles Cooper Townsend
 David Alexander Watt
 Edward Simpson Wilson

**THE WHITE PINE SOCIETY****1922**

Clayton French Banks, Jr.
Lloyd Bankson, 2nd
Philip Van Dyke Beckwith
Edward Julius Berwind, 2nd
George Wales Brewster
John Boylston Campbell
Percy Chubb, 2nd
John Allen Clarke
Daniel Sargent Codman
Samuel Eliot Codman
John Norman Curtis
Willis Scull De La Cour
Robert Howard Eisenbrey, Jr.
Thomas Hopkinson Eliot
Joseph Fowler
Frederic McIntosh Galbraith
Charles Chauncey Goodrich
Robert Bigelow Gowing
Francis Appleton Harding
David Steele Hart
Edmund Thatcher Hawes
Basil Duke Henning
John Marshal Hinchman, 2nd
Henry Crane Hollister
John Howland, Jr.
Whitney Ford Hoyt
Floyd Wellman Jefferson, Jr.
Thomas Louis Jefferson

Herbert Thorn King, Jr.
Albert Randall Lee, Jr.
Frederick Norton Leonard
James Richard Leonard
Ernest Douglas Levering, Jr.
Ellwood Caldwell Lindsay, Jr.
John Franciscus Lindsay
Thomas McKean, Jr.
Maurice Bursley Makepeace
Edward LeBoutillier Marshall
Thruston Ballard Morton
Guy Murchie, Jr.
Percy Owen, Jr.
Nathaniel Pope, 2nd
John Pierrepont Porter
Edward Hyde Rakestraw
Edwin Winter Ritchie
Theodore Carmalt Scull
Charles Fuller Stanwood
Scott Stewart, Jr.
Telford Taylor
Laurence Edward Tracy
William Ward Tracy
Joseph Roy Vetterlein, Jr.
James Bolton Winpenny, 2nd
William Henry Winstead, Jr.
Charles Francis Wood, Jr.
John Gordon Harper Woodward

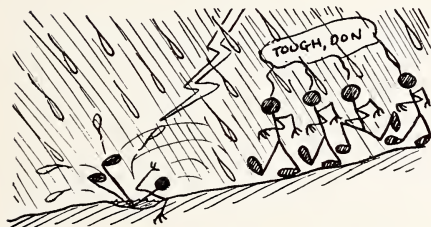
THE LOG

1922

- June 28—After arrival and luncheon at Plymouth, the campers were warmly greeted by Mr. Ned near Dana Hall. Four cannon shots were given in honor of the 28th season, each representing 7 years. Unpacking, dinner, and the first Retreat followed.
- 29—Due to rain, ping-pong was the order of the day. The winner of the new boys' tournament, Ivy Lee, defeated "Pete" Lillard, winner of the old boys' tournament. At campfire Mr. Bartholomew led the singing and read a humorous French story.
- 30—First short spell of clear weather. Parties were sent out to Archie's and Sanborn's Beach. In the evening Mr. Buell read from Stevenson's "Suicide Club" before the weird, flickering flames of the campfire.
- July 1—Comprehensive nature talk and demonstration of new flash camera in Museum by Naturalist Sagebeer. Barnard Estate "Wade" in the afternoon. After Retreat a smashing vaudeville program was presented at the Playhouse, including the famous foreign tenor, Senior Watt-inski.
- 2—Dana won inspection. Mr. Ned gave powerful sermon on "Opportunity." Tree Talk by Mr. Bartholomew. At Camp Meeting E. Codman was elected president; Phelps, vice-president; C. Clarke, secretary-treasurer; T. Hawes, Grand Bouncer.
- 3—Wet ground conditions prevented customary departure of camping parties. Try-outs for Water Sports Play. After dinner Mr. Ned and Mr. Kennedy conveyed a number of boys to Plymouth for haircuts and fireworks.
- 4—Cannon salute aroused the Camp for the glorious 4th! Selections for Water Sports Play cast announced. Mr. Ned and a large bunch of boys set off fireworks on the ball field. Dr. Davidson arrived.
- 5—Damp weather continued. New boys performed at ball field for benefit of "Charlie" Townsend and baseball captains. "Don" Kennedy took a happy supper party to Crescent Beach. "Miff" Frothingham, '98, arrived.
- 6—Baseball teams chosen. Vetterlein swam half-mile, and Beckwith swam a mile in 38:29.2. Ward Tracy and "Eddie" Hawes away with supper parties. Messrs. Chapin and Spaeth defeated Messrs. Kimball and Townsend in quoit match for Camp championship (?).
- 7—The doctor was found responsible for yellow acid stains discovered on and about "Tommy" Hawes. Mr. Bartholomew

mew left Camp for a month. Big ping-pong finally completed, Mr. Comstock winning the Senior and "Jack" Clarke the Junior events. Expedition to Archie's.

- 8—Walkers set off gaily in warm sunshine for Clement's Hill, accompanied by Mr. Ned. They returned still more gaily in drenching rain! "Dick" Leonard won Stay-at-Homes' ping-pong tournament. After Retreat a vaudeville show punctuated the first exhibition of the newly installed "movie" machine. A great success!



JULY-8.

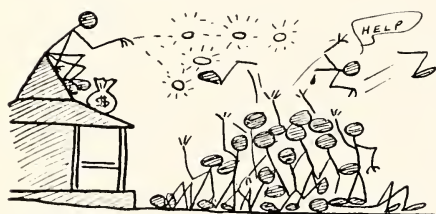
- 9—Birch won inspection for first time. In chapel Mr. Ned delivered a stirring talk on "Unselfishness." Mr. Spaeth gave a Tree Talk on "Habit," and followed it up in the evening at campfire by reading "A Message to Garcia."
- 10—The camping parties finally departed. The Stay-at-Homes started tennis and quoit tournaments. "Teddy" Church left Camp temporarily with his parents.
- 11—"Boots" Marshall arrived, his chicken pox cured. First rehearsal of stupendous Stay-at-Home Play was held. Crews practiced in the afternoon.
- 12—A quiet day, due to extreme heat. Mr. Ned visited the camping parties, and Mr. Jackson joined his party at Mayhew's. At campfire Mr. Crosman read from A. Conan Doyle's "His Last Bow."
- 13—A day of matches at Camp, most of the tennis and quoit tournaments being played off. In the afternoon Mr. Ned escorted a party to Bristol.
- 14—The campers returned at soak, lumpy but happy. A natural history expedition went up the Cockermouth. A supper party also visited the Cockermouth.
- 15—After the inspection, which was won by Cardigan, two walks started, one to "Mt. Kennedy" (a spur of Crosby) and one, for younger boys, to Plymouth Mountain. Mr. Kimball staged the astounding Stay-at-Home spectacle, "The Island Tragedy"; there were also four reels of good moving pictures.
- 16—Mr. Ned preached in chapel on "Honesty." Dana won inspection. Mr. Chapin gave a Tree Talk on "Good Sportsmanship." "Pete" Lillard was made a C. of I., and "Don" Murchie and "Dave" Hinchman were given Canoe Privilege. After supper Prof. Fred Jackson gave us a splendid talk on the Solar System.
- 17—The second week camping parties and "Miff" Frothingham left Camp. At home some obstacle races were run off, preliminary to the Water Sports. A thunder storm broke towards evening.
- 18—Dr. Davidson, because of rain, brought several members of the

camping parties back to Camp, where quoit, ping-pong and tennis matches were in full swing. Mr. Thompson read an uproarious "Siwash" story at campfire.

19—Preliminaries for the Water Sports, as well as the usual quoit and tennis matches, were in vogue. Try-outs for the Stay-at-Homes' play were held.

20—A quiet day, in spite of the afternoon's ball game. More Water Sports preliminaries were run off.

21—The return of the campers was a sign for much activity in Stay-at-Home tournaments. After rest period and allowances a party ventured to Archie's. There were singing and reading at campfire.



JULY-21.

QUARTERS TO RIGHT OF THEM, ----

22—The day's walk was to Welton's Falls, where cool dips were enjoyed by Mr. Ned and the party. After the return to Camp a rip-roaring Stay-at-Home show made the walkers forget all their "pains and ills."

23—Inspection was won by Sleepy Porch. At chapel service, held in Memorial Hall, Mr. Jackson delivered a fine sermon on "Pasquaney Boys." The Tree Talk by Mr. Cros-

man was given on "Preparation." Camp Meeting was held in the evening.

24—Water Sports preliminaries got under way in real earnest. Owen Lindsay, '21, and "Dusky" Brownell, '21, arrived for a week's stay. Another "Siwash" story at campfire.

25—Preparations for the Sports were nearing completion. Mr. Ned and Mr. Kennedy motored to Plymouth in the afternoon. Play cast was undergoing intensive rehearsing.

26—Diving and some of the swims, the last remaining preliminaries were run off. More reading and singing at campfire.

27—Intensive resting and the annual trunk and suit-case inspections took up most of the day. There were play rehearsals throughout the day. Last round of practice singing at campfire.

28—Mr. Ned was forced by a bad cold to remain in bed. Very thorough policing and chain-gang work eliminated the usual trip to Archie's. After Retreat the dress rehearsal of the Water Sports Plays, "An Afflicted Man" and "A Morality Play for the Leisure Class," was given in the Playhouse for the benefit of the Camp and some neighbors.

29—A perfect day for Water Sports! In the afternoon's contests Ward Tracy won General Excellence and "Eddie" Rakestraw Sub-Junior General Excellence. Messrs. Brownell, Scull, and Reed were judges. After refreshments in Memorial Hall, our many visitors

attended Retreat and the Water Sports Plays, and were later entertained by the singing, the huge campfire, and the presentation of cups and medals.

30—Fifty guests were on hand to enjoy Mr. Ned's sermon on "Energy and Perseverance," and many remained for dinner. Clearpool Camp offering in chapel amounted to \$330. Messrs. T. C. Fowler and G. H. Townsend remained for a visit of several days.

31—The "Week of Rest" began. After soak Mr. Kennedy gave instruction in tennis; and during the afternoon Team A defeated D, in the first game of the Counsellors Baseball League. "Jack" Bankson arrived. "Pick" Low, '09, and "Del" Ladd, '14, visited us.

Aug. 1—Mr. W. S. Scull gave canoe tests after soak. In the afternoon Team B won from C, 5-1. Dr. John Howland visited Camp.

2—After another exciting baseball game, in which Team B worsted D, 6-2, the White Pine Society gave its annual supper to the whole Camp at the clubhouse. Mr. Sagebeer read "Zenk" at campfire.

3—In the morning, after the Camp photographs had been taken, "Bill" Sanford broke the half-mile record: time, 13:14 2-5. Team A defeated C in the afternoon, 11-4. Prof. Fred Jackson lectured after supper on "The Moon."

4—Baseball Team B, captained by "Alex" Phelps, won the Camp championship by defeating A, 9-1. "Eddie" Wardwell, '17, paid us a visit.

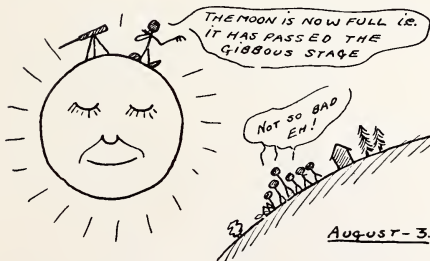
5—After rest period "Don" Kennedy led the Long Walk party on a short but snappy walk. "Bob" Leonard, '21, and "Jerry" Sherman, '17, visited Camp. Mr. Kimball's cast presented the Play take-off, "A Conflicting Man," after Retreat; there were also several reels of good moving pictures.

6—Mr. Ned's sermon dealt with "Courage." Mr. Sagebeer delivered a Tree Talk in Baird Hall on "Nature and Life." A Camp Meeting closed the day's program.

7—The Long Walkers departed, amid rain, for their hike to Mt. Chocorua. The Stay-at-Homes were limited to indoor games. "Billy" Guild, '05, arrived, and Owen Lindsay, '21, left.

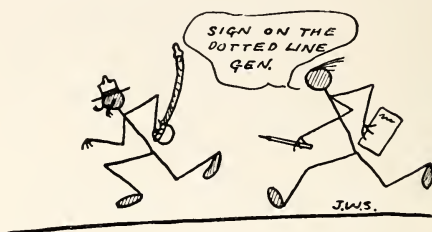
8—Thorn King left Camp early by motor to join the Long Walkers. After rest period some played touch football, while a few paddled to Sanborn's Beach with "Udo" Bradley. Myles Baker, counsellor in '20, arrived for an overnight stay.

9—Before soak "Lanty" Sims, Myles Baker, and three young camping parties left Camp.



The Cardigan hikers, with "Jack" Bankson and "Doc" Davidson in charge, departed soon after lunch. The afternoon was quiet. Percy Owen entertained us with a wireless concert in the evening, his "Radio" connecting Pittsburgh, Pa.

- 10—A quiet day. The Cardigan walkers returned in the afternoon. "Fritz" Gamage, '12, was a visitor. Play rehearsal for the Stay-at-Home Play was held.
- 11—Camping parties returned before dinner. Tournament tennis matches were played. "Spud" Murphy, '21, arrived in Camp after supper. Mr. Guild read an animal story at campfire.
- 12—This was a "half-mile morning." Mr. Guild gave a talk on "Radio" during rest period. The Long Walkers returned at supper time, fit and happy, and received a tremendous ovation. There was a scintillating show afterwards, including five reels of moving pictures.
- 13—"Friendship" was the subject of Mr. Ned's fine sermon in chapel. Due to a long council meeting, the Tree Talk was given after supper: Mr. Kimball spoke on "Self-Reliance." A Camp Meeting followed.
- 14—In the morning a fishing trip to the Cockermouth, under Mr. Guild, caught naught but crabs! General Verbeck, of St. John's School, Manlius, inspected the Camp and spoke at dinner. After Retreat Prof. Fred Jackson talked most interestingly on "The Stars." "Tready" White, '21, and



August-14.

- "Dick" Zanetti, '21, arrived for a week's visit; T. D. Leonard, '14, was here for a brief stay.
- 15—Before soak "Chick" Guild left Camp, to our regret. Messrs. Bankson and W. S. Scull demonstrated life-saving at the water. After rest period Junior baseball team C was beaten by A, 13-5.
- 16—Mr. Ned took several counselors and boys to Bristol. Dr. L. C. Sanford was a guest at dinner. The day was generally quiet.
- 17—First Senior crew time trials were held after soak. "Dick" Donham, '19, and "Phil" Donham, '20, came at lunch for a short visit. Junior baseball Team A ("Apes"), with "Coggin" Lindsay as captain, defeated B, 5-2, thereby winning the Junior championship. "Pa" Lillard, '07, made a short visit after Taps.
- 18—At soak we were visited again by "Tick" Hewitt, counsellor, '07. After rest period and allowances, Mr. Hinchman escorted a party to Archie's. The Counsellors defeated the Boys, 15-5, in a weird game of baseball.
- 19—"Charlie" Farnsworth, '07, was an early visitor. Senior crews

underwent time trials again. "Charlie" Townsend pitched for East Hebron and won. Dr. "Leddy" Leadbetter, counselor 1914-20, arrived before supper, in time to witness the inter-dormitory dramatic contest, which was won by Dana's "Three Brass Bedouins"; five reels of good motion pictures were an added attraction.

20—Inspection was won by Cardigan. Mr. Jackson talked splendidly in chapel on "Equanimity." Mr. Thompson delivered a fine Tree Talk on "Nine Weeks at Pasquaney vs. Ten Months at Home." At supper "Pete" Lillard and "Ed" Berwind were given Canoe Privilege. There was no campfire.

21—"Leddy" Leadbetter, "Dick" Zanetti, and "Tready" White ended their visits, and "Dave" Grant, '21, and Henry deRham, '17, arrived. "Bob" Eisenbrey left Camp for the season. Crews practised late in the afternoon. At campfire Mr. Thompson read "His Soul Coes Marching On."

22—There were more crew time trials, and at dinner the make-up of the Junior crews was announced. Tournament tennis matches were in vogue. There were charades at campfire to entertain the limited number that attended.

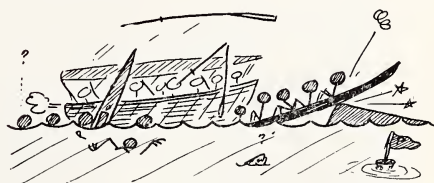
23—The open quoit singles and Senior Tennis Singles tournaments were brought up to the final round. Crews had their last practice. Mr. Diefendorf read Sherlock Holmes at campfire, the last to be held

outside. "Steve" Davol left Camp for the season.

24—Weather was threatening, but in the afternoon "Aleck" Phelps became Camp Singles Champion in Tennis by defeating "Mac" Galbraith, 6-0, 7-5, 6-2. Mr. Spaeth read Poe's "The Black Cat" to a sleepy crowd at campfire.

25—A very wet day. In late afternoon the Crew Races were held: Birch Juniors led Dana Juniors by a length and a quarter, but the Birch and Dana Seniors crossed the finish line in a dead heat after a beautiful race. At campfire in Baird Hall Mr. Bartholomew spoke very impressively about the purchase of the adjacent Soren Estate (103 acres). Harold Payson, '02, and his son visited. "Rod" Beebe, '05, arrived.

AUGUST - 25.



26—Tennis Finals. In the morning "Dick" Leonard and "Ed-die" Rakestraw won the Junior Tennis Doubles by defeating "Coggin" Lindsay and "Johnny" Curtis, and "Charlie" Stanwood won the Sub-Junior Singles from "Billy" Winstead. In the afternoon Ivy Lee defeated "Dick" Leonard in the

Junior Singles; "Charlie" Clarke and "Aleck" Phelps won the Senior Doubles from John Howland and "Mac" Galbraith; "Charlie" Stanwood and "Eddie" Hawes defeated "Billy" Winstead and Clayton Banks in the Sub-Junior Doubles. At the Sigma Alpha Tea in the evening the cups were presented by Miss Phelps.

- 27—The last inspection was won by Sleeping Porch. Mr. Ned preached a strong sermon on "Purity." The subject of Chauncey Buell's fine Tree Talk was "Appreciation." Statistics were voted at campfire in Baird Hall in the evening. Last long Council meeting filled afternoon and evening.

28—Most of the day was rainy. Several boys left Camp. Packing was in vogue. At supper Mr. Ned announced Eliot Codman as the Council's choice for Most Faithful Boy and "Pete" Lillard for Ray Biglow Cup. Counsellors spoke their farewells. There was the best singing of the year at the last campfire in Baird Hall.

- 29—Trunks were shipped after breakfast. The Boston party left Camp at 11 o'clock, and the New York party at 4:30. Lusty cheers for Mr. Ned, Mr. Jackson, and Pasquaney marked the end of one of the Camp's best seasons.

Charles D. Gowing,
John W. Spaeth, Jr.



BOYS' RECORDS

- Anthony, Earle K.; age 10. Hillsborough School, '24. Pasquaney, '22.
- Banks, Clayton F.; age 12. Haverford School, '28. Pasquaney, '22.
- Bankson, Lloyd, 2nd; age 12. Haverford School, '27. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Beckwith, Philip Van D.; age 14. Kent School, '26. Pasquaney, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winner of Canoe Tilt, '21. Long Walk, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '20, '21; Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. *Annual Board*, '22.
- Beebe, Roderick, Jr.; age 11. Agassiz School, Cambridge, '24. Pasquaney, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Berresford, Richard C.; age 15. Horace Mann School, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Sub-Junior Obstacle Race, '19; Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '19; Sub-Junior General Excellence, '19. Second in Junior 50-Yards Swim, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '20; Cox., Dana Junior Crew, '19; Cox., Junior Exhibition Crew, '20; Cox., Birch Junior Crew, '20; Cox., Exhibition Crew, '21; Cox. and Captain, Dana Senior Crew, '21; Cox. and Captain, Dana Exhibition Crew, '22; Cox. and Captain, Dana Senior Crew, '22. Winner Junior Tennis Doubles, '21. Yale Cup, '22. *Annual Board*, '22.
- Berwind, Edward J., 2nd; age 14. St. Paul's School, '26. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winner, Junior Canoe Race, '22. Best Collection Medal, '19. Canoe Privilege, '22.
- Bird, John P.; age 13. Noble and Greenough School, '27. Pasquaney, '22.
- Bonney, Arthur P.; age 10. Longwood Day School, '27. Pasquaney, '22.
- Brewster, George W.; age 14. Country Day School, '25. Pasquaney, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '22. Dana Junior Crew, '22.
- Buell, Robert C.; age 11. Noah Webster Public School, Hartford, '28. Pasquaney, '22.
- Campbell, J. Boylston; age 16. Sanford School, '23. Pasquaney, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Cator, Franklin P.; age 11. Gilman Country School, '28. Pasquaney, '22. Natural History Prize Collection, '22.
- Chubb, Percy, 2nd; age 13. St. Paul's School, '27. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Sub-Junior Tennis

- Doubles, '20. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Church, Edgar Moore, Jr.; age 12. William Penn Charter School, '28. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior Dingey Race, '21. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Clarke, Charles C.; age 16. Brown and Nichols, '24. Pasquaney, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Second in Junior Canoe Race, '19; Winning Senior Canoe, '22; Winner Witherbee Black Obstacle Race, '22. Stage Hand, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '19, '21; Captain Senior Baseball Team D, '22. Long Walk, '19, '20, '21, '22. Cox., Birch Senior Crew, '19; Birch Junior Crew, '20; Winning Dana Junior Crew, '21; Dana Exhibition Crew, '22; Dana Senior Crew, '22. Winner, Senior Tennis Doubles, '22. Librarian, '21, '22. Mail Committee, '22. Canoe Privilege, '21. Secretary-Treasurer, Camp Society, '22. Captain of Industry, '22.
- Clarke, John A.; age 12. Wadleigh School, Winchester, '23. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '21; Sub-Junior General Excellence, '21; Third in Junior 50-Yards Swim, '22. Cox., Winning Birch Junior Crew, '22.
- Codman, Daniel S.; age 16. St. Mark's, '26. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Play Cast, '20. Winner, Junior Canoe Race, '22. Captain of Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Codman, Eliot; age 18. St. Mark's, '23. Pasquaney, '18, '20, '21, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '20, '21, '22. Long Walk, '20, '21, '22. Birch Exhibition Crew, '22; Birch Senior Crew, '22. President, Camp Society, '22. Captain of Industry, '21, '22. Most Faithful Boy, '22.
- Codman, Samuel E.; age 14. St. Mark's, '27. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '20; Second in Sub-Junior Obstacle Race, '20; Sub-Junior General Excellence, '20.
- Curtis, John N.; age 13. William Penn Charter School, '27. Pasquaney, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Davol, Stephen; age 15. The Longwood Day School, '26. Pasquaney, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Day, Frederick T.; age 10. Pelham Manor Day School, '29. Pasquaney, '22.
- De La Cour, Willis S.; age 14. William Penn Charter School, '26. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '20, '21.
- de Rham, Richard D.; age 11. Lawrence Smith School, '23. Pasquaney, '22.
- Eisenbrey, Robert H., Jr.; age 15. St. George's School, '25. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Winning Junior Canoe, '21. Stage Hand,

- '21. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '21.
- Eliot, Thomas H.; age 15. Browne and Nichols, '23. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Senior Canoe, '21. Long Walk, '22. Birch Junior Crew, '21; Stroke and Captain, Birch Exhibition Crew and Birch Senior Crew, '22.
- Fowler, Joseph; age 12. Bronxville Public School, '26. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior Tennis Doubles, '21.
- Galbraith, Frederic McL.; age 15. Williston Seminary, '23. Pasquaney, '22. Winning Senior Canoe, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Goodrich, Charles C.; age 15. Pomfret, '24. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Cox., Winning Dana Junior Crew, '21.
- Gowing, Charles D.; age 17. Country Day School, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '22. Long Walk, '20, '22. Birch Exhibition Crew and Birch Senior Crew, '22. Natural History Prize Essay, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. *Annual Board*, '21, '22.
- Gowing, Robert B.; age 14. Country Day School, '25. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '20.
- Grant, George H.; age 12. Kalfuss School, Rochester, '25. Pasquaney, '22.
- Gray, Robert; age 14. Gardiner High School, '26. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '21; Captain of Senior Baseball Team C, '22. Long Walk, '20, '21, '22. Winner Junior Tennis Singles, '20; Winner Junior Tennis Doubles, '20.
- Harding, Francis A.; age 14. St. Mark's, '26. Pasquaney, '22. Long Walk, '22. Stroke, Junior Dana Crew, '22.
- Harding, John B.; age 10. Fay School, '24. Pasquaney, '22.
- Hart, David S.; age 11. McTernean's School, Waterbury, '27. Pasquaney, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Hawes, Edmund T.; age 11. Rogers Grammar School, '24. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Second in Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '21; Winner, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '21. Cox., Dana Junior Crew, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior Tennis Doubles, '22.
- Hawes, Thomas E.; age 17. Tabor Academy, '24. Pasquaney, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winning Senior Canoe, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '21, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Long Walk, '19, '20, '22. Cox., Winning Birch Junior Crew, '18; Winning Dana Junior Crew, '20; Dana Senior Crew, '21; Dana Exhibition Crew and

- Dana Senior Crew, '22 Bugler, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. "Grand Bouncer," Camp Society, '22. Canoe Privilege, '20. Captain of Industry, '21, '22.
- Henning, Basil D.; age 12. Cochran School, Louisville, '23. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Natural History Prize Collection, '21; Research Medal, '22.
- Henning, James W., 3rd; age 15. Louisville Male High School, '24. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '22. Captain Junior Baseball Team C, '21. Cox., Winning Birch Senior Crew, '21; Cox., Birch Exhibition Crew and Birch Senior Crew, '22. *Annual Board*, '21, '22.
- Hinchman, David B.; age 15. Phillips Exeter Academy, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Long Walk, '20, '21, '22. Birch Junior Crew, '22. Canoe Privilege, '22. Captain of Industry, '22.
- Hinchman, John M., 2nd; age 14. Phillips Exeter Academy, '25. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Third in Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '20. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '20, '22. Long Walk, '22. Winning Junior Tennis Singles, '21.
- Hollister, Buell; age 10. Corning Public School, '25. Pasquaney, '22.
- Hollister, Henry C.; age 14. St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., '26. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22.
- Howland, John, Jr.; age 16. Phillips Exeter Academy, '23. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '20. Long Walk, '21, '22. Winning Birch Junior Crew, '22.
- Hoyt, Whitney F.; age 12. Rochester Public School 31, '23. Pasquaney, '22.
- Hufnagel, Frederick B.; age 11. Miss Munson's Prep. School, '27. Pasquaney, '22.
- Hughes, Felix T., Jr.; age 10. Public School No. 23, New York, '23. Pasquaney, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Jefferson, Floyd W., Jr.; age 11. Short Hills High School, '25. Pasquaney, '22.
- Jefferson, T. Louis; age 12. State Street School, Springfield, '25. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '21. Winner, Sub-Junior Tennis Singles, '21; Sub-Junior Tennis Doubles, '21.
- King, H. Thorn, Jr.; age 15. Private Tutor. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Long Walk, '21, '22. Winning Birch Junior Crew, '22.
- Lee, A. Randell, Jr.; age 15. Lawrenceville, '26. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Junior Canoe Race, '20; Winner, Canoe Tilt, '22. Long Walk, '20, '21. Birch Junior Crew, '21; Birch Exhibition Crew and Birch Senior Crew, '22. Parsons Cup for Half-mile Swim, '22. *Annual Board*, '21, '22.

- Lee, Ivy L., Jr.; age 13. Barnard School, '27. Pasquaney, '22. Winner, Junior Tennis Singles, '22.
- Leonard, Fredrick N.; age 12. Pecks School, '26. Pasquaney, '21, '22.
- Leonard, J. Richard; age 12. The Red House, Groton, '23. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Second in Sub-Junior 25-Yard Swim, '20; Third in Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '21. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '20; Winning Senior Baseball Team, '21. Winner, Junior Tennis Doubles, '22.
- Levering, Ernest D.; age 12. Gilman Country School, '28. Pasquaney, '22.
- Lihme, Edward H.; age 12. The Webster School, Chicago, '23. Pasquaney, '21, '22.
- Lillard, Walter H., Jr.; age 14. Tabor Academy, '26. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Third in Junior 50-Yards Swim, '20. Captain, Senior Baseball Team A, '21, '22. Long Walk, '22. Junior Tennis Doubles, '20. Canoe Privilege, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. Ray Biglow Cup, '22.
- Lindsay, E. Caldwell, Jr.; age 14. Haverford School, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Captain, Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Lindsay, John F.; age 12. Haverford School, '27. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winner Sub-Junior Dingey Race, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Lloyd, Carrington M.; age 12. Country Day School, '29. Pasquaney, '22.
- McKean, Thomas, Jr.; age 13. St. Paul's School, '27. Pasquaney, '22.
- Makepeace, Maurice B.; age 15. Tabor Academy, '24. Pasquaney, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Marshall, Edward Le B.; age 13. Radnor High School, '27. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22.
- Miller, Huntington; aged 15. Pomfret School, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winning Junior Canoe, '21. Stage Hand, '21. Water Sports Play Cast, '22.
- Morton, Thruston B.; age 15. Woodberry Forest School, '25. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Long Walk, '22.
- Munson, Townsend; age 10. Montgomery School, '25. Pasquaney, '22. *Annual* Board, '22.
- Murchie, Donald; age 16. Phillips Exeter Academy, '23. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Second in Junior 50-Yards Swim, '20; Second in Senior 100-Yards Swim, '22; Winning Senior Canoe, '22. Stage Hand, '21. Water Sports Play Cast, '22. Long Walk, '21, '22. Captain Dana Junior Crew, '22. Prize Essay, '21. Canoe Privilege, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. Thomas Hike Cup, '22. *Annual* Board, '22.
- Murchie, Guy, Jr.; age 15. Kent School, '25. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Long Walk, '21, '22. Win-

- ning Junior Baseball Team, '21, '22. Winning Birch Junior Crew, '22. Natural History Prize Essay, '20. Original Research Medal, '21.
- Owen, Percy, Jr.; age 14. Hotchkiss, '24. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Third in Diving, '20; Second in Diving, '21, '22; First in Junior 50-Yard Swim, '21.
- Phelps, George A., Jr.; age 16. Hotchkiss, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Captain, Winning Senior Baseball Team, '21, '22. Long Walk, '20. Captain and Stroke, Winning Birch Junior Crew, '22. Winner, Senior Tennis Doubles, '21, '22; Winner Senior Tennis Singles, '22; Camp Tennis Singles Champion, '22. Mail Committee, '22. Vice-President, Camp Society, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. Harvard Cup, '21. Ray Biglow Cup, '21.
- Pope, Nathaniel, 2d.; age 13. Fairhaven High School, '26. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Porter, John P.; age 14. Foreign Travel. Pasquaney, '22.
- Rakestraw, Edward H.; age 13. Haverford School, '26. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Second in Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '22; Winner, Sub-Junior Obstacle Race, '22; Sub-Junior General Excellence, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Winner, Junior Tennis Doubles, '22.
- Rakestraw, John L.; age 17. Haverford School, '24. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Stage Hand, '21; Water Sports Play Stage Manager, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '21.
- Reed, Frank O.; age 16. Auburn Academic High School, '23. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Stage Hand, '21. Water Sports Play Electrician, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. *Annual Board*, '21, '22.
- Ritchie, Edwin W.; age 14. St. Paul Academy, '25. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Third in Diving, '21, '22. Long Walk, '21, '22.
- Sanford, Leonard J.; age 12. Rumsey Hall, '25. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '21, '22.
- Sanford, William F.; age 17. St. Paul's School, '23. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Second in Junior 50-Yards Swim, '19; First in Senior 100-Yards Swim, '20, '22. Water Sports Play Cast, '21. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '19, '21. Long Walk, '20, '22. Senior Exhibition Crew, '20, '21; Winning Dana Senior Crew, '20; Dana Senior Crew, '21; Dana Exhibition Crew and Dana Senior Crew, '22. Winner, Senior Tennis Doubles, '21. Parsons Cup for Half-Mile Record Swim, '20; Camp Half-Mile Record, '22. Canoe Privilege, '20, '21, '22. Captain of Industry, '22. *Annual Board*, '22.

- Scull, Theodore C.; age 12. Montgomery School, '29. Pasquaney, '21, '22.
- Smith, Herbert S.; age 16. Country Day School, '24. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Stage Hand, '22. Winning Senior Baseball Team, '22. Long Walk, '21. Captain of Industry, '22.
- Stanwood, Charles F.; age 12. Brunswick, Me., Public School. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior Tennis Singles, and Sub-Junior Tennis Doubles, '22.
- Stewart, Scott, Jr.; age 14. St. Paul's School, '26. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winner of Sub-Junior Dingey Race, '19. Captain of Junior Baseball Team, '21, '22.
- Taylor, Telford; age 14. Schenectady High School, '24. Pasquaney, '20, '21, '22. Dana Junior Crew, '22. Long Walk, '22. Natural History Research Medal, '20.
- Townsend, William K.; age 10. Pine Lodge, Lakewood, N. J. Pasquaney, '22.
- Tracy, Lawrence E.; age 12. Browning School, '28. Pasquaney, '21, '22. Third in Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '22. Winning Junior Baseball Team, '22.
- Tracy, W. Ward; age 15. The Hill School, '26. Pasquaney, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winner in Canoe Tilt, '21, '22; Winner of Diving, '22; Second in Witherbee Black Obstacle Race, '22; Winner of General Excellence, '22. Birch Junior Crew, '21; Dana Exhibition Crew and Dana Senior Crew, '22.
- Vetterlein, Joseph R., Jr.; age 13. Haverford School, '27. Pasquaney, '22. Winner, Junior 50-Yards Swim, '22. Record One-Mile Swim, '22.
- Wimpenny, J. Bolton; age 14. Fessenden School, '23. Pasquaney, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Winner, Sub-Junior 25-Yards Swim, '18; Winner Sub-Junior Obstacle Race, '18; Sub-Junior General Excellence, '18; Winner, Junior 50-Yards Swim, '20; Winner of Diving, '21; Third in 100-Yards Swim, '21, '22; Winner of General Excellence, '21. Winning Senior and Junior Baseball Teams, '21. Long Walk, '21, '22. Cox., Birch Senior Crew, '20. Winner, Sub-Junior Tennis Singles and Sub-Junior Tennis Doubles, '19.
- Wood, Charles F., Jr.; age 14. Louisville Male High School, '25. Pasquaney, '22.
- Woodward, J. G. Harper; age 12. Kalbfus School, Rochester, '26. Pasquaney, '22.
- Wurst, Perry E., Jr.; age 13. Nichols School, Buffalo, '26. Pasquaney, '22.
- Wyeth, Walter F., Jr.; age 14. Rivers School, '25. Pasquaney, '22. Long Walk, '22.

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1913	Horace Tarr Cator
1914	Thomas W. Proctor
1915	James McHenry
1916	John Gray Bolton
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1918	Udolpho Theodore Bradley
1919	William Stackhouse Scull, 2d
1920	John Cranwill Thompson
1921	Wallace Parks Ritchie
1922	Eliot Codman

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GENERAL EXCELLENCE

W. Ward Tracy

SENIOR

DIVING

W. Ward Tracy

100-YARD SWIM

William F. Sanford

OBSTACLE RACE

(Witherbee Black Cup)

Charles C. Clarke

CANOE TILT

A. Randell Lee, Jr.

W. Ward Tracy

CANOE RACE

St'm. T. E. Hawes

3 F. McL. Galbraith

2 C. C. Clarke

Bow Donald Murchie

JUNIOR

50-YARD SWIM

Joseph R. Vetterlein, Jr.

CANOE RACE

St'm. Edward J. Berwind

Bow Daniel S. Codman

SUB-JUNIOR

GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Edward H. Rakestraw

25-YARD SWIM

Edmund T. Hawes

OBSTACLE RACE

Edward H. Rakestraw

DINGEY RACE

John F. Lindsay

Swimming Records

HALF-MILE

W. F. Sanford, 13:14 2-5

ONE MILE

J. R. Vetterlein, Jr., 35:02

Winning Crews in Shell Rowing

BIRCH SENIOR

St'k T. H. Eliot

3 C. D. Gowing

2 E. Codman

Bow A. R. Lee, Jr.

Cox J. W. Henning, 3d

DANA SENIOR

St'k W. F. Sanford

3 W. W. Tracy

2 T. E. Hawes

Bow C. C. Clarke

Cox R. C. Berresford

Dead Heat. Time 4:25

BIRCH JUNIOR

St'k G. A. Phelps, Jr.

3 H. T. King

2 D. B. Hinchman

Bow G. Murchie, Jr.

Time 3:07 4-5

TENNIS 1922

SENIOR

SINGLES

G. A. Phelps, Jr.

DOUBLES

G. A. Phelps, Jr.

C. C. Clarke

JUNIOR

SINGLES

I. L. Lee, Jr.

DOUBLES

J. R. Leonard

E. H. Rakestraw

SUB-JUNIOR

SINGLES

C. F. Stanwood

DOUBLES

C. F. Stanwood

E. T. Hawes

TENNIS SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1922

won by

George A. Phelps, Jr.

RECORD CUPS FOR ATHLETICS

BIGLOW CUP FOR SPORTSMANSHIPWalter H. Lillard, Jr.

THOMAS HIKE CUP

Donald Murchie

HARVARD CUP FOR BASEBALLNo award

YALE CUP FOR ROWING

Richard C. Berresford

PARSONS CUP FOR HALF-MILE SWIM

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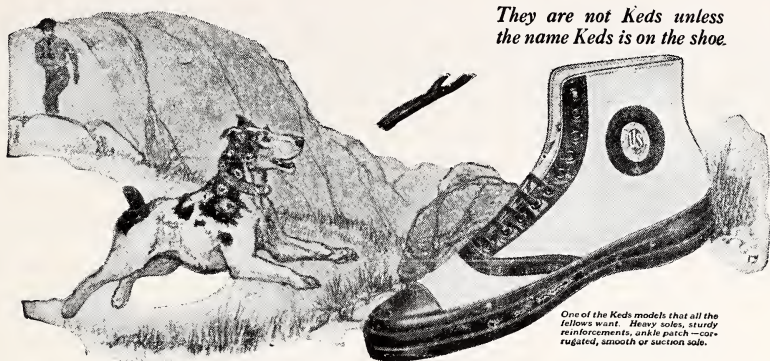
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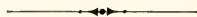
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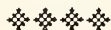
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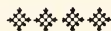
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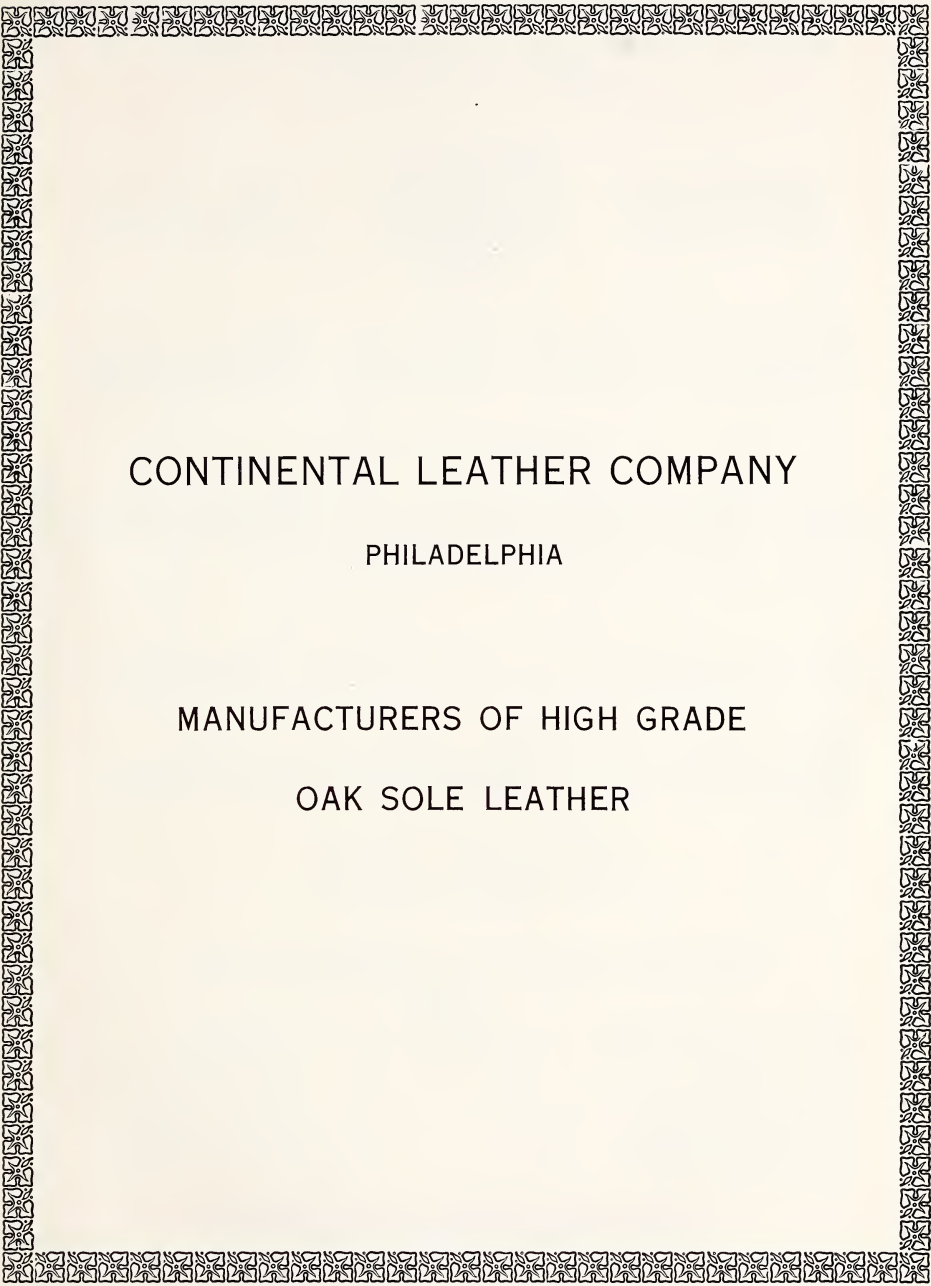


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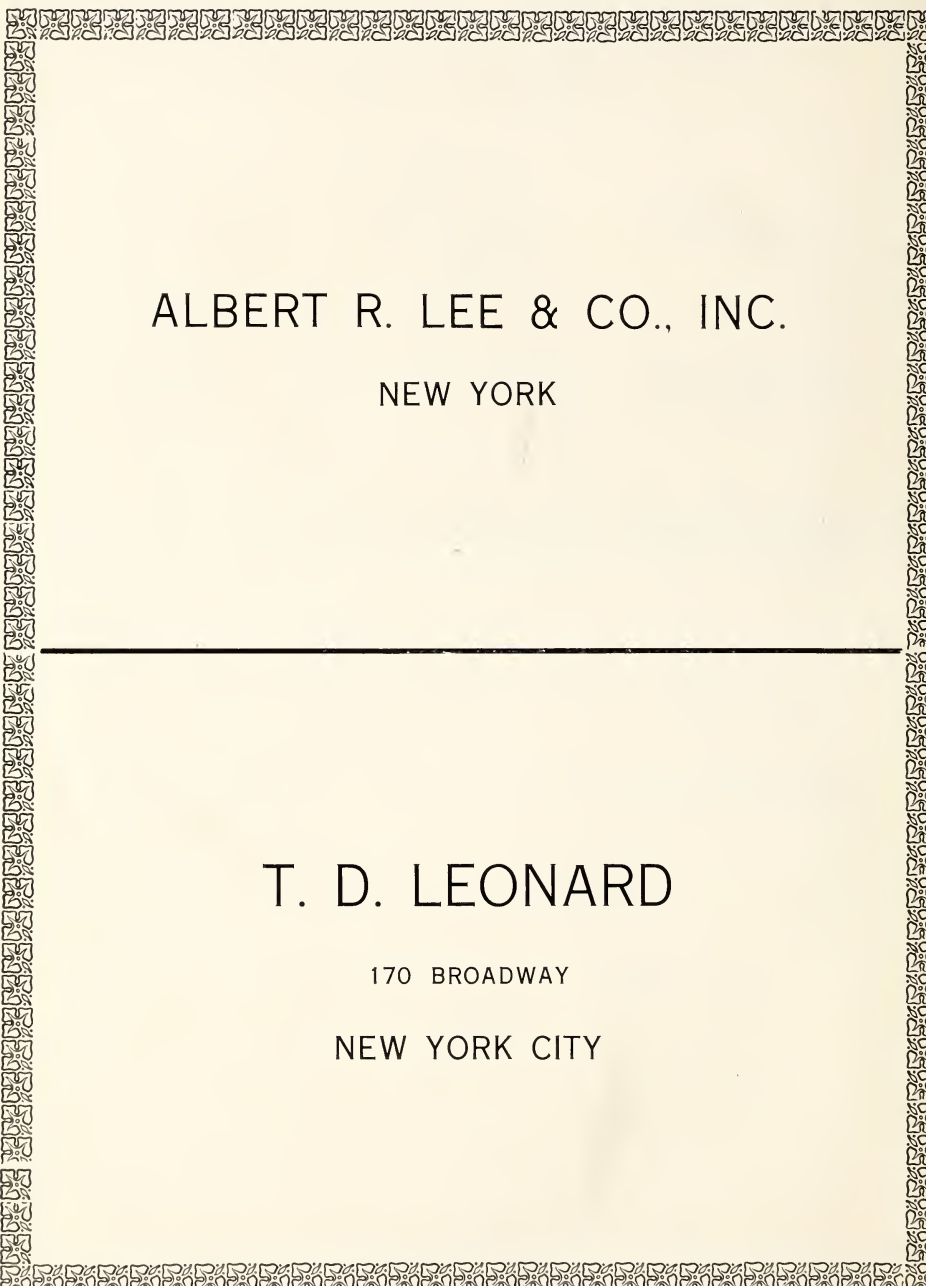
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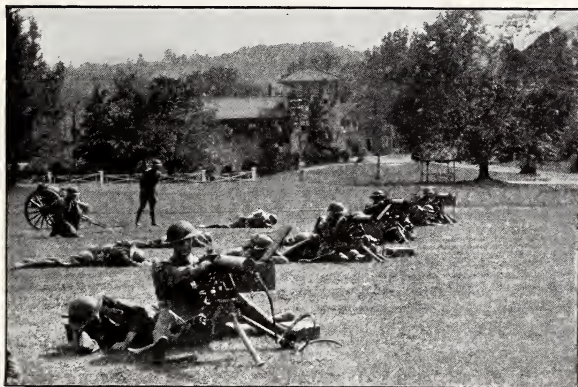
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A boy at Manlius takes his recreation and military exercises in a systematic and progressive way so that his play hours may not be wasted and that he may the while learn better manners, build up a stronger body, become a better mixer and be ready to study harder when play hour is over.

It is the purpose of the illustrated catalog to show how this is accomplished and to present the story of the environments and associations with which we surround our boys. From its pages you will learn that ours is an earnest, businesslike and cheerful life and withal a wholesome and manly one.

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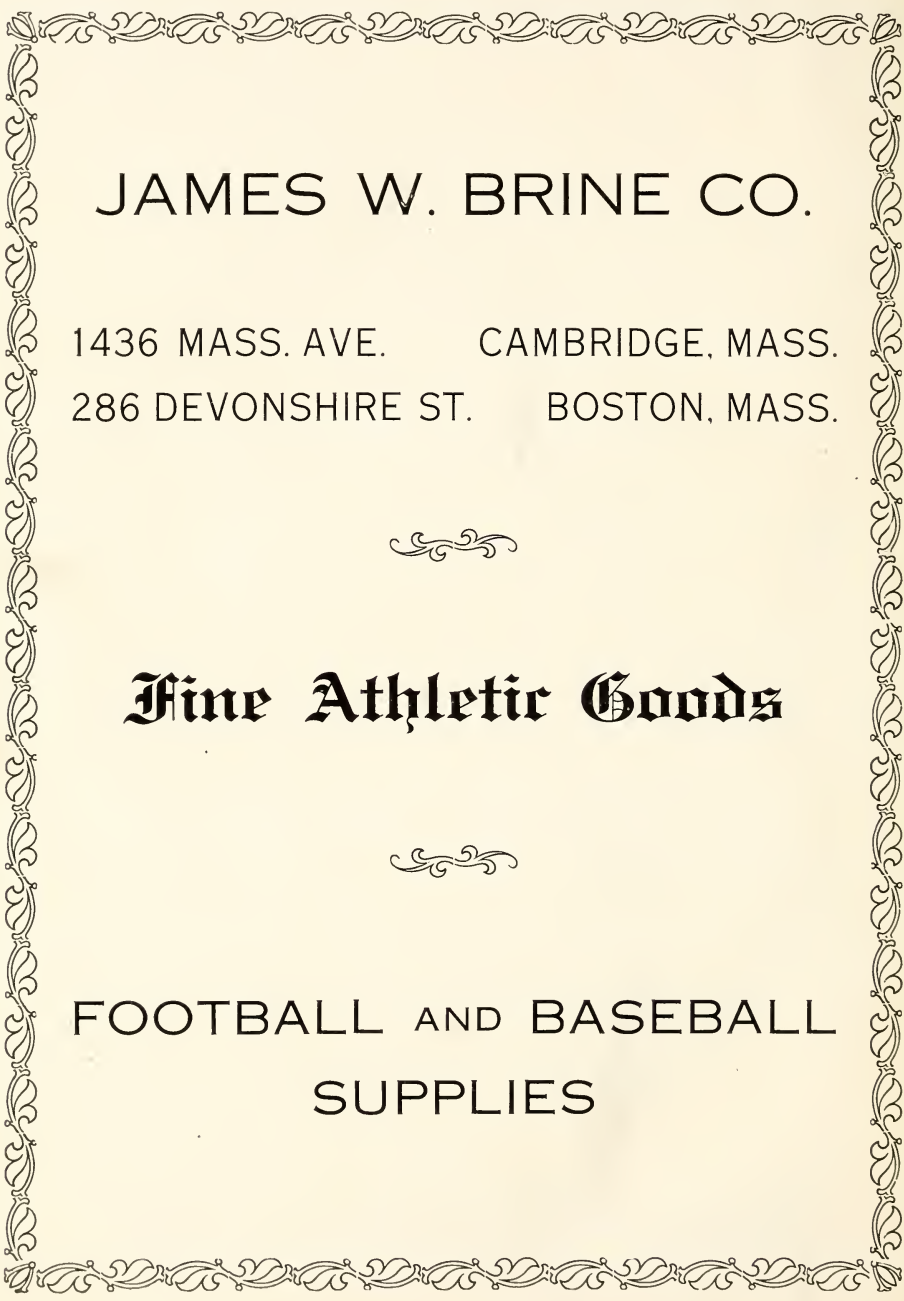
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